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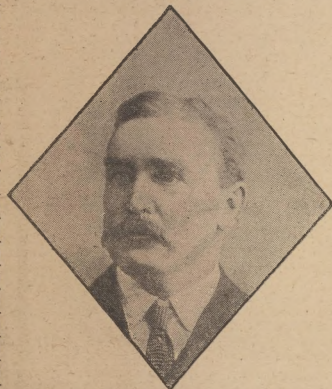
No. 330.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## TO-DAY'S BRIDEGROOM.

The Hon. Henry Lefroy, C.M.G.,  
to be married to-day to Miss  
Madeline Walford.

## MOVING LADY CURZON.

The distinguished invalid, who battled so bravely and so successfully for  
life, was carried to the Walmer Station, en route to Bournemouth, by an  
army of attendants. (A Spicer, Dover.)

## TO-DAY'S BRIDE.

At St. Saviour's Church, Chelsea, she  
will be married to-day to the Hon.  
Henry Lefroy, C.M.G.

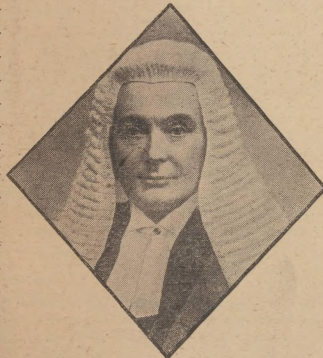
## COTTAGE DESTROYED BY A TREE.

Workmen cut down a tree in Mitcham-lane, Streatham, and it fell with this  
disastrous result, evicting the occupants of the house, who, however, fortunately  
escaped injury.

## WHAT A QUEEN'S LUGGAGE LOOKS LIKE.

The trunks of the King and Queen of Portugal leaving Windsor for Chats-  
worth. There is nothing pretentious about them. Included in the load was  
some baggage of the Queen of England.

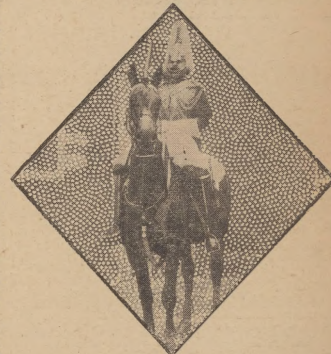
## MR. ALEXANDER HENRY.

The Recorder of Carlisle, whose  
sudden death occurred in the court of  
the Lord Chief Justice.—(Cameron.)

## LONDON'S FIRST SNOWSTORM.

Snapshot, taken yesterday, of the new road from Buckingham Palace, in  
St. James's Park.

## PET OF THE LIFE GUARDS.

"Freddy," the only horse of 260 of the  
2nd Life Guards that returned from  
South Africa fit for service.



## BIRTHS.

**BYDENSTEIN**—On November 21, at Street House, 222, Finchley-road, the wife of W. E. Bydenstein, of a daughter.

**GRANTHAM**—On the 21st inst., at 17, Cadogan-place, S.W., the wife of W. W. Grantham, of a son.

**GUMBRELL**—On November 20, at Parkville, Hillingdon-road, Uxbridge, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Clayton Gumbrell—a son.

## MARRIAGES.

**BEERETON-CLAYTON**—On November 20, at Christ Church, Woking, by the Rev. John Lloyd Brown, assisted by the Rev. W. F. T. Hamilton, vicar of Christ Church, Samuel Booth Beerton to Eva (Lillie), youngest daughter of Major E. G. Clayton, late of the Royal Engineers.

**MAWSON-LLOYD**—On October 22, at Durlingham, India, Owen Mawson, Bengal Police, to Kate Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Lloyd.

**NOAD-ROBERTS**—On November 21, at St. Michael's Church, Halesburg, N.B., by the Rev. J. Stuart Syme, vicar, Frederick Herbert Noad to the late Mr. G. W. Noad, M.D., of Wokingham, Berks, to Jessie, only daughter of the late Rev. Richard Roberts, vicar of Aynoh, Angles.

## DEATHS.

**BEAMISH**—On November 20, Blanche Georgina, widow of Rear-Admiral H. Hamilton Beamish, C.B. Funeral at Bromton Cemetery, at 12.

**CHAMBERS**—On November 20, at 68, Lansdowne-road, Croydon, Elia, elder daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Maxwell Chambers, aged twenty.

**ESWORTH**—On November 21, at 5, Mile-road, Clifton, Bristol, George Esworth, aged sixty.

**NEAME**—On the 20th inst., Stella Ada, the infant daughter of Laurence H. and Ada Grace Neame.

**ROBINSON**—On the 21st inst., at 6, Neville-street, the residence of his sister, Julian Robinson, Barrister-at-law, of 49, Pall Mall, aged fifty-six.

**HOT WATER**—Instantly night or day.  
**HOT BATH** in 5 minutes whenever wanted.  
**EWART'S LIGHTNING GYVESTER**  
 Hot Water, Hot or Cold, without Kitchens Fire.  
 INSPECT working exhibit LIST R. post free.  
 346, EUSTON-ROAD, London, N.W.

## PERSONAL.

**WILL**—Unless you can return with the receipt, better stay away. Peter is furious. **EXTRA.**

**BERTHA**—Waited for three hours. Were you caught again? Send word to K. S., and she will let me know. **DICK.**

**VICTORIA**—Ida writes she will be returning shortly, and wants us to meet her, but I am afraid it will be impossible. **B.**

\* The above advertisements are received up to 6 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 6d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office by post by postal order, or by cheque, and will be published in the Personal Column, either gratis for 4s., and 6d. per word after. Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnarvon-st., London.

## THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

**DALY'S THEATRE**—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play, entitled **THE GINGALEE**. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE**. Mr. TREE. TO-DAY at 2.15, and TONIGHT at 8.20, Shakespeare's Comedy. **THE TIGHER.**

**MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.**

**IMPERIAL**. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-DAY, 2.15, and EVERY EVENING at 8.15, The Roman Republic. **HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT.**

**MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.** Last Office 10 to 10. Telephone 3193 GERRARD.

**ST. JAMES'S**—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. TO-DAY at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING at 8.15, **LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.**

At 8.15, **THE DECKLE RIB**, by Joshua Bates. **MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.**

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.

**KENNINGTON THEATRE**, Tel. 1066 HOP. TONIGHT at 7.45, **MATINEE THURSDAY, 2.30.** Mr. George Edwards's company in the present Day. The success, **THE GINGALEE.**

**ROCKET THEATRE**, Tel. 1273 KENS. TONIGHT at 8, Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in **A SCRAP OF PAPER**, THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM, and **STILL WATERS.**

**CAMDEN THEATRE**, Tel. 328 K.C. TONIGHT, at 8, **MATINEE SATURDAY, 2.30.** Mr. E. H. WILLARD, as "Cyrus Bleanrart," in **THE MIDDLEMAN.**

**CROWN THEATRE**, Peckham, Tel. 412 HOP. NIGHTLY, at 7.45, **MATINEE TO-DAY, 2.15.** The Great Negro Musical Comedy, **IN DAHOMEY**, from the Fitzdun Theatre.

**THE OXFORD**—GEORGE ROBERT, HARRY RANDALL, LAURENCE HARRY TATE, the McNaughtons, Ernest Shand, Don Crowley, Eugene Fenty, Joe Plunkin, Starr and Leslie, and hosts of other stars. Open 7.30. Box Office 10 to 10. **SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30**—Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

## AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**. TO-DAY. Mr. George Davis's Principal Company in **A CHINESE HONEYMOON**. IN THEATRE at 7.30. Matinee To-day and Saturday, at 2.30.

**SIX O'CLOCK**. **WINDMILL CONCERT**. Artists: Miss Dorothy Tinney and Mr. Peter Dawson. Military Bands, Roller Skating-Rink, and other attractions.

**ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS**. "HENGELER'S." **OXFORD CIRCUS**. "W.—THE FINEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD." Unusual Over 200 Acting and Performing Animals, including—

**THE ACROBATS**. **MADAME BATAVIA**. Da 17, 3 m 8. Admission 1s. 10s. 6d.; child 1d. 1p. 1c. 1p. 1c. Honoured by Royal Command to Buckingham Palace.

**POLYTECHNIC, REGENT-STREET, W.**

**OUR NAVY**. DAILY, at 3. West's grand Naval and Military Animalograph Entertainment. The training of our future Defenders at work and at play.

**PEACE AND WAR**. The most realistic representation of a Naval Battle. The North Sea Fishing Fleet before and after the Tragedy. Prices 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s. Children half-price.

**RAILWAYS, EXCURSIONS, Etc.**

**RESTALL'S HALF-DAY EXPRESS TRIPS**. Pleasure of Afternoon Trip from London to Seaside. TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

**"BRIGHTON"** from Victoria at 2.25 p.m.; Clap-June 12.50. **"EVERY TRIP"** at 2.40 p.m.; Clap-June 12.45 p.m.; New Cross 12.55.

**"Calling East Croydon"** each day. 6d. extra all tickets. Date of Trip. No London agents for afterwards.

Tickets sent on remittance and stamped envelope, or by call. **RESTALL'S**, 69, Cheapside, E.C.

## MARKETING BY POST.

**APPLES** (keeping, cooking, eating), 42lb. 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d.; Potatoes, sound, white, **Boozy**, 12lb. 5s.; Turnips, Carrots, 14lb. 1s.; all carriage paid receipt P.O.—Curris, Farmer, Chatteris, Cambridgeshire.

**CORNISH** Clotted Cream, 4lb. 1s. 2d., 2lb. 2s.; Cornish Maccaroni, Specialty, 1lb. 2s.; Raisins (unsweetened), 10d. lb.; post free on receipt of remittance.—C. Trengrove, Prince's Restaurant, Treuro.

**LARGE Trussed Fowls**, 4s. 6d. and 6s. pair—Send P.O. Price, Morden, Surrey.

**LIVE FISH**—Basses of mixed live fish, from 2s. 6d. upwards, sent direct to your door, carriage paid; all kinds of cured fish; quality guaranteed—List on Application to M. J. Carter, Counties Fish Supply Co., Fish Dock, Grimsby. Hundreds of testimonials as to quality.

**ONLY JONES**—2 large fresh Pheasants, 5s.; 3 ditto, 6s. 6d.—421, Central Market.

**PERTH Whisky** de Luxe—Two bottles "Grouse" Liqueur Established 1890.

**SAVE Half your Butcher's Bills**, and buy direct from the Farmers. Best English meat, mutton, joints, saddles, and shoulders, per lb. 7d.; leg, 8d.; beef, 10d.; ribs, 10d.; top side, 8d.; sirloin and ribs, 9d.; rump steak, 1s.; cutlets, 6d.; gravy beef, 4d.; briske, 5d.; "roast" and pork, prime joints, 6d.; orders of 4s. free delivered; hampers free; cash on delivery—The Direct Supply Stores, Ltd., 14, Holborn-circus, London.

**60 BLOATERS, Kippers, or Reds** (selected), 5s. 6d.; 30, 2s. 3d.; carriage paid—Evans, Hereford-road, Lowestoft.

**A BOON TO HOUSEHOLDERS TO BUY AT WHOLESALE SALE PRICES.**

3 Selected Chickens and 1lb. of Cambridge Sausages (special).....	5s. 0d.
3 Selected Chickens and 1lb. of Cambridge Sausages (special).....	5s. 0d.
2 Partridges, 1 Large Hare.....	5s. 0d.
2 Fine Pheasants.....	5s. 0d.
3 Large Norfolk Partridges.....	5s. 0d.

Prime Ox Beef—Sirloin, wing rib, or any joint you like to order—5s. 0d. Carriage paid. Cash with order, or Cash on Delivery, or Cash on Delivery.

Deposit accounts opened. Telephone, 2061 Holborn. **STEAD AND CO., Ltd.**, 602, Central Markets, London, E.C.

**PEAKE BROS. PIONEERS OF THE POULTRY TRADE.**

THE ONLY Wholesale Firm that Offers the Public the Advantage of Buying Small Quantities of Poultry and Game at Wholesale Prices.

**TURKISH**, splendid quality, large cocks, 6s. 6d.; hens, 4s. 6d.

**PHILANTHROPS**, the finest selected, 5s. 6d. brace.

**PHILANTHROPS**, good young, 4s. 6d. brace.

**CHICKENS**, 2 choice quality, 4s. 6d.

**PARTRIDGES**, 3 plump, 4s. 6d.

**CHICKENS**, 3 choice quality, for 5s.

**Hares**, 3s.; Ducks, 3s.; Wild Ducks, 2s.; Widgeon, 1s. 3d.; 1 lb. English Game, 6s.

Cash with order; carriage paid on orders 4s. upwards. Deposit accounts opened. Tel. 7622 Central. **PEAKE BROS.**, 402-3, Central Markets, London.

## PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

**A. A. A. A. A.—HOW TO MAKE MONEY.**

We allow 20 per cent. rebate on losses sustained through our advice. Money lent on Mining Shares, at 5 per cent. Better terms than any other firm.

Particular fee on application to all mentioning this paper.

**C. W. HATCH AND CO.** Bush-lane House, Cannon-st., E.C.

**A. A. A. A. A.—"HOW TO MAKE MONEY."**

Everyone with £5 capital upwards, should be mentioning this paper for free. Particular of easy, successful plan of increasing income without work, worry, or trouble. Capital completely under own control. If you have the capital, we'll do the rest. We will show you what to do and when to do it. We do not want other Firms can do it!

We guarantee you against loss, if taking our advice! Invest with us just recently made £15 in Fortnight with £20 Capital, £1 taken for a trial.

Full Particulars Free on mentioning this paper by name. **RIDLEY AND CO., 11, Poultry, London, E.C.**

**ADVANCES**—£25 upwards; promptly arranged without loss of sale—Bridge, Broadway, Woking.

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Full Particulars Free on mentioning this paper by name. **RIDLEY AND CO., 11, Poultry, London, E.C.**

## STIRRING SCENES

## IN HOLLOWAY ROAD, N.

## Telling Testimony that Converted Anxious Crowds of London Sufferers.

## REMARKABLE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES,

## Verbal and Written from Well-known Londoners.

All day yesterday an unceasing stream of people suffering from lung and chest diseases of all kinds besieged Bishop's Drug Stores, 400, Holloway-road, N., to obtain sample bottles of VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE. The eloquent testimony given personally by highly-respectable people who had been cured by this remarkable remedy (which is now used by hundreds of thousands of Londoners) was of the most convincing kind.

It is two years since VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE was first introduced into London. So great has been the success of the remedy that, since then, nearly one million bottles have been sold to London chemists and wholesale houses. Mr. Veno told the public that VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE was the purest and most efficient remedy procurable—the most successful curative agent for all lung and chest diseases ever offered to the public, the best that human skill and ingenuity could devise, composed of ingredients never before used in Great Britain, and infinitely superior in every respect to ordinary cough mixtures or any of the emulsions. He promised that it would stop an ordinary cough one night, hence it was called "LIGHTNING COUGH CURE," and would permanently cure the most obstinate cases of CHRONIC COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, ASTHMA, PLEURISY, COLDS, and CHILDREN'S COUGHS in a short time.

Those who were present yesterday at Bishop's Drug Stores and heard the voluntary testimony could not doubt Mr. Veno's words—hearing from the lips of cured patients leaves no doubt in one's mind. In the rush for samples it was impossible to record all the verbal testimonies given, but the following are a fair example:—

A well-dressed gentleman requested a sample for his daughter, who was afflicted with consumption. He had heard of a young lady similarly afflicted having been cured by VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE, and he was anxious that his daughter should give it a trial.

A respectable working man had a boy suffering from chronic bronchitis. VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE had been ordered by his doctor.

A middle-aged lady stepped up to the counter for a sample for a neighbour's child suffering from chronic cough and weak lungs. She spoke most enthusiastically of the remedy, having herself been cured of chronic bronchial asthma. For nearly eight years she had suffered agonies with difficult breathing, frequently having to sit up all night in a chair gasping for breath. VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE in three months cured her completely. She had had more pleasure in life since her cure than she had for a good many years previously. She spoke these words to a shop full of anxious inquirers.

## DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS

## Recommend Veno's Lightning Cough Cure for its exceptional purity and effectiveness.

**W. LASCELLES-SCOTT, F.S.Sc. (London), CHEMICAL ANALYST, LITTLE ILFORD, ESSEX**, Lecturer on Chemistry and Hygiene, in his certificate of analysis among other things says:—

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE appears to owe its remarkable effectiveness, according to my Analytical results, mainly to the joint action of certain salines, and the extract of a peculiar and little-known American Plant. I have pleasure in certifying that, in my opinion, VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE is an exceptionally pure, safe, and effective preparation.

**F. EAMES, Esq., 49, Dupont-road, Raynes Park, Surrey**, wrote, saying:—"Many thanks to you for the advertisement in the 'Evening News' of your cure for Catarrh. I had been suffering from this complaint for upwards of six weeks, being quite hoarse, and also very deaf. I tried a doctor and found no relief; in fact, was worse. I might mention that I took two bottles of VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE, and am pleased to say I am quite recovered from catarrh, and the deafness resulting from it."

**Rev. TAYLOR, The Manse, Faringdon, Berks**, wrote on Saturday last, saying:—"Last year you were kind enough to give me some of your LIGHTNING COUGH CURE for use amongst our poor people. We found it of the greatest possible use; the people were much delighted and found great benefit from it. I am constantly asked for it by people who are too poor to purchase."

**Mrs. RUMSEY, 26, Britannia-road, Fulham, S.W.**—I now write to say that VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE is splendid. My little girl's cough and cold entirely disappeared in a short time after taking it. I have recommended it to my friends. I shall always use it as the best medicine I ever had.

**CLAUDE TREVELYAN, Esq., 10, King-street, Covent Garden, W.C.**, writes:—"Permit me to bear testimony to the marvellous powers of VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE. I have had a distressing cough for several winters which interfered with my professional duties as a teacher of elocution, singing, etc. The cough resisted all medical treatment until last winter, when, to my great surprise, it disappeared within forty-eight hours of taking the first dose of VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE. Since then I have had no return of the cough, but I take an occasional spoonful of VENO in bad weather as a preventative measure."

## Veno's Lightning Cough Cure

## Will be GIVEN AWAY as follows:—

**WEDNESDAY, NOV. 23rd, BOOTS', CASH CHEMISTS, 9, BROADWAY, WALHAM GREEN, S.W.**

**THURSDAY, NOV. 24th, BOOTS', CASH CHEMISTS, 273, HARROW ROAD, PADDINGTON, W.**

**FRIDAY, NOV. 25th, BOOTS', CASH CHEMISTS, 38, BROADWAY, DEPTF. RD, S.E.**

Commencing at 10 o'clock Each Morning.

**REMEMBER** only one bottle and one book of instructions will be given to adults only. None will be served twice. No samples will be given to young girls or youths. Note the addresses and dates, and come early.

This famous remedy can be purchased at 9d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. per bottle at all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the whole country, or direct on receipt of price from the Manufacturers, **THE VENO DRUG CO., 50, 57, and 59, Cedar Street, Manchester.**

## OVERSEAS DAILY MAIL.

To the Chief Clerk,  
 "Daily Mail," London, E.C.  
 Please forward "Overseas Daily Mail"

To

I enclose 5/- herewith.

Signed



## GREAT BLIZZARD.

England in the Grip of  
Snow and Gale.

**KING CARLOS STORM-BOUND.**

Twenty-Eight Lives Saved by  
Rocket Brigade.

## STORIES OF SUFFERING.

The greater part of England lies under a mantle of snow.

Scotland and the eastern and western coasts are in the grip of a blizzard, the effects of which were but comparatively slightly felt in the south, though snow fell in some quantity in most parts of the country.

King Carlos has been disappointed of his shooting by a foot of snow, which has turned the Chatsworth party into a veritable "house" party.

The Duke of Connaught, at Howell Grange, is storm-tied, too.

Snow-ploughs are at work on the northern railways, and in many busy centres the ordinary traffic is stopped and outdoor work at a standstill. The telegraph wires are suffering, and delays in transmission are from all Yorkshire and the North.

The sudden storm at sea has wrecked many a good ship, and taken its toll of lives, though the heroic endeavours of the Moelfre lifeboat crew have robbed it of four.

Off Sunderland twenty-eight lives were saved from a stranded steamer by the local rocket brigade.

Everywhere the bitter cry of the ill-clad poor and the homeless goes up—it is winter.

## STORM-BOUND ROYALTY.

**King Carlos, Unable to Shoot, Turns to Books.**

King Carlos and Queen Amelia spent most of yesterday indoors at Chatsworth House. A foot of snow made shooting impossible.

A plough was used for cutting a way through the snowdrifts, and the Chatsworth cricket pitch was cleared for a game of hockey. His Majesty walked from the mansion to watch the play, but it was abandoned.

Queen Amelia, in the afternoon, walked through Edensor, and the King spent some time in the extensive library of Chatsworth House, where he inspected with interest many rare manuscripts.

The clouds are still very heavy, and there is every prospect of a renewal of the snowstorm which has so sadly spoiled the King's sport.

If the wind is less boisterous to-day it may be possible to carry out the programme arranged, and the guns will assemble at Birchill Coverts, near Bakewell, at eleven o'clock.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra found Sandringham snowed out, and she went to her Norfolk home for several weeks' rest and to celebrate her birthday on December 1.

## INCIDENTS OF THE BLIZZARD.

**Train Immovable in Snowdrift Nine Feet Deep.**

Provincial correspondents give interesting accounts of the incidents of the blizzard.

In the Lake District the storm was exceptionally heavy, and drifts rapidly formed wherever the wind found means to drive the snow against a bank or into a dip of land.

A passenger train was stuck for five hours in a snowdrift on Troutbeck Fell.

The engine buried itself in the heap of soft, newly-fallen flakes, which lay nine feet deep.

The passengers remained in the train until relief arrived from Garsill, when the carriages had to be dug out of the snow.

In North Westmorland immense drifts have formed. On the North-Eastern Railway in the Eden Valley, near Bowes, a goods train became embedded before daybreak yesterday, and remained all day blocking the line.

The eight o'clock train from Tebay stuck twice before reaching Garsill, which is only two miles off, but on each occasion the engine driver uncoupled his engine and forced a passage.

Newcastle and district suffered severely from the storm. Trains from the north and south were considerably delayed. Overland telephone wires have been blown down and other damage done.

## SCHOOL CHILDREN DUG OUT.

Snow fell in Leeds yesterday to the depth of about 1in.

A carter slipped and fell through a plate-glass window.

Some school children had to be dug out of a drift

Northerly gales; snow and hail blizzards; bright intervals, very cold.

To-Day's

Weather

(Lighting-up time, 4.59 p.m. Sea passages will be very rough generally.)

at Holben Bridge, where the snow was six or seven feet deep.

Until the snowploughs were got to work and had cleared the lines the Birmingham tramways yesterday were unable to run.

In Burnley for two hours tram traffic was stopped, and in most districts factory operatives and miners had literally to cut a pathway to their work.

## PREFERRED TO SLEEP IN SNOW.

While the snow was falling thick and fast William Nuttall went to sleep in a field near Accrington, and was found by a constable half-covered in snow. The chief constable told the magistrates yesterday that Nuttall could sleep standing up, lying down, or walking about, but for preference prisoner said he would choose an open field.

Nuttall, who has been imprisoned for sleeping out a dozen times, was sent to Preston Gaol for two months for his own protection.

## SCOTLAND'S VISITATION.

The whole of Scotland is in the very grip of winter. Curling is taking place at Alloa, and at Linlithgow snow lies as deep as 12in. on the low and 15in. on the upper roads. A perfect blizzard prevails in the Grampians.

A Pullman train from London to Edinburgh was delayed yesterday morning for seven hours, having become fast in a snowdrift fifteen miles south of Hawick.

Seven or eight trains are snowed up somewhere between Hawick and Stirling Road. Sheep farmers are anxious about their sheep. At Lockerbie snow is higher at points than hedgerows.

## STORM-TOSSED SEAS.

**Coasts Strewed with Wrecks—Exciting Scenes of Rescue.**

The Norwegian schooner Embla ran ashore during the gale on the Scoughall Rocks, on the Haddingtonshire coast, about five miles east of North Berwick, and has become a total wreck.

When the vessel first ran ashore the captain, mate, and steward jumped overboard and were drowned. The cabin-boy it is believed was killed by a falling mast.

The remaining two men of the crew of six remained on board, and got ashore safely when the tide receded.

The lifeboat Star of Hope, stationed at Moelfre, Anglesey, saved the crew of four hands from the ss. Ann of Wexford, which got into difficulties while bound from Garston to Youghal with a cargo of coal.

A great gale is raging in the North Sea, and the wind is likely to increase in power. Heavy snowstorms have fallen all along the East Coast.

The ketch Excelsior, from Whitstable for Margate, with a cargo of baltens, is ashore off Margate Pier. The crew have been rescued.

## ROCKET BRIGADE SAVES 28 LIVES.

There were thrilling scenes witnessed at a rescue off Sunderland in the early hours of yesterday morning.

Noticing a huge steamer drifting helplessly in the gale, the commandant of the rocket brigade, and shortly after the vessel struck on some rocks near the shore.

The brigade effected communication by means of a rocket, and within an hour the crew of twenty-five hands, two passengers, and the wife of the second engineer were safely hauled ashore in the "breaches" buoy.

The vessel was the Indianio, from Antwerp to Sunderland.

At Sheerness there was a westerly gale accompanied by snow squalls, which compelled coasting vessels to seek shelter under the grain shore.

The brigantine Craig Alvah, a Whitstable collier of 223 tons, returning to the Tyne with a cargo of chalk, ran ashore near the mouth of the Tees yesterday morning outside the north breakwater.

The crew of eight hands put off in the ship's boat and were taken aboard the local lifeboat, which conveyed them safely to Seaton Carew.

At Scarborough the lifeboat was launched to assist a Scotch fishing-boat, but the captain of the small craft thought it safer to make for the open sea than to try and make the port.

At Holyhead last night immense seas were washing over the breakwater, and also along the Anglesey coast. In the Irish Channel huge seas deluged the Royal Mail and North-Western passenger ships. Sleet was falling almost incessantly.

The hills of the Peak of Derbyshire are covered with 2ft. of snow, and the fall continues.

Farmwork is at a standstill in Lincolnshire, and hunting with the county packs has been suspended.

The dead body of a cattle drover overcome by the cold was found on the Moneymore road, Co. Tyrone, covered with snow.

There has not been such an early advent of winter in Fenland for a quarter of a century, and if the frosts should be general in a few days.

Snow fell at Richmond, Twickenham, Teddington, Kingston, Molesey, Hampton, and Sunbury in the early hours of yesterday, and again at midnight, accompanied by a keen east wind.

## FIRED ON BY POACHERS.

**Desperate Encounter in the Moonlight.**

Particulars of a desperate encounter with armed poachers came to light at Scarborough yesterday.

Two watchers, Stephen Young and Emmanuel Hartley, employed by the Earl of Lonsborough, were in Ramcliffe Wood, a few miles from the town, on Monday night, on the look-out for poachers. While they waited they were joined by two of the police force.

Between eight and nine o'clock they were hiding in the undergrowth, when in the bright moonlight they saw three men ranging the woods at a distance of fifteen yards apart. Two pheasants rose, and four shots were fired.

The watchers obtained assistance, and then, having lost sight of the men in the interval, proceeded to track the poachers by their footprints in the snow. The three men took to flight, but one of them, named Bryan McLaughlin, fell. Young, who was armed only with an ashplant, threw himself upon McLaughlin, and a desperate struggle ensued for possession of the gun.

Another of the poachers shouted to McLaughlin to shoot, and a moment later fired five shots from his own gun.

Young escaped, however, with only a slight wound in the right arm. Others of the party came to Young's assistance, and eventually McLaughlin and the other two poachers were secured.

The three prisoners were brought before the Scarborough Bench yesterday and remanded.

Their names are Bryan McLaughlin, John Colley, and Thomas Brewster Brown, all labourers, of William-street, Scarborough.

## BETRAYED BY A CORSICAN.

**Englishman Robbed of His Business While in Hospital.**

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday.—Through trusting implicitly to a comparative stranger, an Englishman has been robbed of all his savings, and is returning home a broken and ruined man.

Henry Morrissey, a native of Chester, was persuaded to enter into partnership with a Corsican, and to entrust him with his hard-earned savings, amounting to £700.

Together they bought a humble wine-shop in Naples. There, on the Visa Napoli, everything seemed to prosper, when suddenly Morrissey was taken to the hospital ill.

At the hospital he was regularly visited by his partner, who was unremitting in his attentions to the sick man.

The day before he was allowed to leave the hospital the Corsican brought him a basket of fruit, and gave him a glowing account of the success of the business.

Leaving the hospital on the arm of a nurse, Morrissey managed to crawl to the wine-shop, which, to his horror and surprise, was shut up. The windows were whitewashed, and a board indicated the place was "to let."

The Corsican, it appears, the very day after the removal of his partner to the hospital, sold off the stock and laid hands on the proceeds, together with the moneys standing to their joint names at the bank.

Morrissey, who is broken in health and is entirely without means, is returning to England in his hour of need to seek assistance from his brother.

## MEDIATION RUMOURS.

**St. Petersburg Report of Intervention by France and England.**

PARIS, Tuesday.—The "Journal" publishes the following message from St. Petersburg:—

"A rumour is persistently current that the London and Paris Cabinets are making every effort to put an end to the war."

"At the Ministry for Foreign Affairs the officials decline to say anything, but do not say that they do not know anything."

"The sudden return of M. Bompard, the French Ambassador, is much commented on. It is supposed that a scheme for mediation is the cause of it. M. Bompard will, it is said, leave again in a short time for France."

## MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RETURN.

Mr. Chamberlain is expected to return to England at the end of next week.

His first public engagement will be to address a meeting organised by the Tariff Reform League at the Edinburgh Castle Hall, Limehouse, on Thursday, December 15, at 8 p.m. The chairman of the league, Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, will preside.

Speaking on "America up-to-date" at the Bishopsgate Institute, last night, Mr. John Foster Fraser said in American factories children of seven years of age were allowed to work seventy hours a week for 4s.

## BALTIC FLEET ORGY.

Scenes of Drunkenness and  
Riot in Crete.

**NO SORT OF DISCIPLINE.**

The Baltic Fleet is still earning notoriety. According to Reuter's correspondent the men and officers who landed at Canea showed great lack of restraint and discipline. Cretans will remember the passing of the fleet almost as long as the fishermen of Hull.

CANEA, Tuesday.—The German transports, Tertia, Pallas, and Milos, left here to-day after provisioning the Baltic Fleet and leaving a supply of coal at Suda Bay.

The conduct of the sailors of the Baltic Fleet during their stay here was extremely disagreeable.

There were constant scenes of drunkenness, in which, unfortunately, several officers took part, and frequent brawls occurred every day. One Russian seaman was killed by his comrades, and several others were severely wounded. Some drunken seamen stripped their clothes off in the principal square of Canea.

The wife of the manager of a foreign agency was insulted on the public promenade, and her husband, who tried to protect her, was subjected to ill-usage. The authority of the officers was utterly disregarded, no sort of discipline being observed. Many shop windows were broken.

The population of Canea and its environs have lost all respect for the Russian sailors, who, it is considered, are completely demoralised.

Many seamen have been left behind, having either lost their way or deserted.—Reuter.

## NORTH SEA INQUIRY.

**Text of the Convention To Be Published To-day.**

According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris," the text of the Convention will be published to-day.

The articles are the same as those already published, with the exception of Clause 2, which has now been modified to this effect:—"The International Commission will make an inquiry into the circumstances of the incident, and will inquire as to whether the responsibility for the accident rests with either country concerned or any other country, and the responsibility will be established by the report of the Commission."

A statement is circulated in well-informed St. Petersburg circles that, at the request of Great Britain and Russia, the Emperor of Austria will nominate the fifth member of the Commission of International Inquiry.

## LONELY TREE HILL.

**Japanese Night Attack Repulsed by Deadly Russian Fire.**

Putiloff Hill, which, as Lonely Tree Hill, figured so prominently in the battle of Sha-ho, is now the centre of interest in the Manchurian campaign.

The heavy cannonade of Saturday appears to have been caused by a Japanese night attack, unauthorised by headquarters, upon this position.

Although it is not known how strong the attacking force was, three or four battalions are said to have been engaged.

The Japanese failed to surprise the defenders, and, although they got within fifty yards of the Russian trenches, the fire became too deadly for them.

They were, therefore, forced to retire, carrying over two hundred wounded with them, and leaving eighty dead before the trenches.

The Russians lost only half a dozen men.

The engagement is considered, by Reuter's Mukden correspondent, the most important that has been fought in Manchuria since the battle of the Sha-ho.

## GUN-RUNNING.

**Artillery and Ammunition Carried to Port Arthur.**

PARIS, Tuesday.—The following from St. Petersburg appears in the "Petit Journal":—

"Admiral Birlik, Maritime Prefect of Kronstadt, to-day informed a company of intimate friends that Port Arthur had been able to partly renew its artillery by means of two ships from Vladivostok, each bearing forty big guns, ammunition, provisions, and 500 garrison artillerymen."

"Only one of these vessels reached Port Arthur, the other, notwithstanding the pursuit of the Japanese ships, regaining Vladivostok."

"Both ships were English ones captured at the outset of the war and regarded as lawful prizes."—Reuter.



## REFORMED PRINCE.

Kaiser's Son Sobered by His Engagement.

### TRUE LOVE MATCH.

The development of the royal love affair between the German Crown Prince and the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is, says our correspondent, causing considerable surprise in Berlin.

At first it was thought the engagement would end in another marriage de convenance, but the conduct of the engaged couple has convinced all that the young people are fondly attached to each other.

The Crown Prince has considerably altered his mode of life since his engagement, and no longer gives or attends those gay bachelor parties which were once his delight. He is said to be never happy away from his Duchess; but, as the German Court etiquette is absurdly rigorous, he sees her comparatively seldom, and almost always in the presence of third parties.

### First Lovers' Quarrel.

It is said, as evidence of the great affection between the pair, that the future Kaiser and Kaiserin have had their first quarrel. When the Duchess Cecilie was staying with the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg she received, it appears, less than the usual number of letters from her future husband, and on her return to Potsdam severely reproved her fiancé.

When the Crown Prince appeared at the New Palace, with humble apologies, the young Duchess refused to see him, and, characteristically, was only when he was delighted with the incident, which she regarded as evidence of the love which her son has inspired in his future wife.

A Court official informs me that the young Duchess was much scandalised by a surprise visit which she, in company with a large party, including the Kaiser, paid to the Crown Prince's bachelor rooms at the Kabinettstrasse.

The Prince had been much too busy with his new love to be altogether off with his old platonic affections for American actresses and others; and on his study walls remained many pictures of charming ladies whose names have been connected with his.

### Angry Duchess Pacified.

But, finally, the whole party visited the Prince's bedroom, and the bride-elect was mollified when she discovered there about thirty different photographs of herself, and no other single female face.

Next day the Duchess sent her fiancé a beautifully-carved Bavarian crucifix, which she advised him to hang over his bed.

My informant adds—I mention it as a good omen—that photographs of King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and the whole British Royal Family hung in nearly every one of the Prince's rooms. The Crown Prince is much more sincerely Anglophile in his tastes than his Imperial father, and the future Empress agrees with him.

## AIDS TO A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

All Sorts of Provisions Both Plentiful and Cheap.

Seldom have the food supplies for Christmas been so cheap, good, and plentiful as they promise to be this year.

"Currants, raisins, muscatels, and plums," said a big importer yesterday, "are plentiful and good, and peels of all kinds, such as citrons, are not likely to be affected by the rise in sugar, unless sugar goes up a great deal more."

At Covent Garden oranges and apples have never been more plentiful and excellent. Oranges are unusually cheap, and huge consignments of splendid apples continue to arrive from Nova Scotia, while pineapples are cheaper and better than ever.

Chickens, turkeys, geese, and ducks will also be plentiful.

Sugar and coal are the only disquieting features, for it is not expected that bread will "go up."

The snap of cold weather has, however, produced a hardening at the Coal Exchange, and before the week is out all qualities may be 1s. per ton dearer to the consumer.

### ARRESTED CARRYING BOMBS.

Three bombs were found on seven men who have been arrested in connection with the Barcelona outrage.

The official of the municipality, says Reuter, who picked up the bomb in the Calle Fernando, has died from his injuries.

At the funeral of the victims yesterday there was a great manifestation of public indignation.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Riches have just celebrated their golden wedding at Tasburgh, Norfolk. They have fifty-nine descendants, and Mr. Riches has lived in the same house during his whole life of seventy-two years.

## MISS ROOSEVELT INJURED.

Her Second Automobile Accident in Three Months.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, says a cable from New York, has been thrown out of a motor-car and seriously shaken.

This is the second time she has been thus injured. The President's daughter was in a bad motor-car accident on September 26 last, when she was unconscious for five minutes.

But Miss Roosevelt is like her father—nothing daunts her. She is probably the only lady who has ever made a trip in a submarine.

She also resembles her father in her activity. In her first year of the White House, American reports state that she attended 308 dinners, 320 teas, 271 receptions, 171 dances, made 1,643 calls, and shook hands with 32,000 people.

## YEAR OF DEAR SUGAR.

No Hope of Lower Prices Owing to the Beet Shortage.

Explaining the causes which make for a continued rise in the price of sugar, Mr. Algernon E. Aspinall, secretary of the West India Committee, stated yesterday that for the first time for many years the beet crop had been a disastrous one, mainly owing to the extraordinarily dry summer.

The result was a rise in prices, which was indirectly due to the effect of bounties, and not to their abolition.

If the bounties had been allowed to continue for a few more years, he added, the result would have been a still greater rise, for the reason that the beet crop would have been entirely at the mercy of the foreigner.

The shortage on the Continent was likely, he said, to be no less than one million tons of beet, and prices during next year were bound to maintain a high level as a consequence of this shortage, because there would not be time to raise another crop.

## MRS. LANGTRY'S ENGRAVINGS.

Famous Actress's Collection Sold at Christie's for £200.

Christie's first sale of engravings this season took place yesterday, when several high prices were realised.

The principal price during the day was £556 10s., given for a fine set of Turner's the "Liberty Bazaar"—this was about £25 more than the highest price given for a set last season. A fine proof of S. Cousins's plate, "Countess Gover and Daughter," after Lawrence's famous picture, went for £120 15s.

Included in this sale was a collection of modern proof engravings, the property of Mrs. Langtry, whose collection of jewellery sold last season realised about £6,000. The engravings, consisting of twenty lots, realised about £200.

To-morrow, at the same rooms, a small collection of furniture, also the property of Mrs. Langtry, will be sold.

## RUSH TO EGYPT.

Crowds of English Visitors Fleeing from Fogs to the Nile.

Never before has there been such a rush of visitors to Egypt as there is this year. All previous records have been left far behind.

"Increased shipping facilities have had to be provided," said Messrs. T. Cook and Son yesterday, "and more hotels are being built. Our bookings are full up, and all our dahabiehs on the Nile have been bespoken."

Cairo is being rapidly transformed into a gorgeous city, which unites the conveniences and cleanliness of the West with the gorgeous splendour of the East. It has now blocks and flats with all the latest improvements.

And Assuan, the direct accessible health resort in the world, is so rapidly growing in popularity that its hotel accommodation has had to be nearly doubled.

The Duke of Connaught is going to Egypt this winter, and the season will be exceptionally brilliant.

## MR. WYNDHAM ON RACE PRIDE.

Mr. George Wyndham, Secretary for Ireland, made an interesting speech in his Rectorial address to the students of Glasgow University yesterday.

In discussing the development of the State he advanced the view that pride of race was a better incentive than pride of nationality. The several races or strains in a nation enriched it, and fortunately we Scots, English, Irish, or Welsh could lay claim to many such strains.

Lady Frances Balfour yesterday opened a bazaar at the Cannon-street Hotel in connection with the Salvation Army Women's Social Work.

## GUINEAS GIVEN AWAY.

"At Home" in St. James' Theatre a Brilliant Success.

There was great excitement in St. James's Theatre yesterday afternoon, when the ten-guinea coupons were drawn in connection with the "At Home" in aid of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women.

Tickets cost a guinea, and those who had the good fortune to have their numbers drawn became entitled to receive from specified shops goods to the value of ten times that amount.

There were twelve firms drawn in the following number—

Firm.	Number.	Owner.
Lucie	1662	Absent.
Peter Robinson	216	Absent.
C. Van Dyck	471	Absent.
H. E. E. E.	1662	Miss Alice Nielsen.

All these were drawn by Mrs. Kendal; after which Mr. W. S. Gilbert drew the next three, which were:—

Firm.	Number.	Owner.
Wallis and Co.	644	Absent.
Waring and Gill	681	Absent.
Frederic	1035	Absent.

Mrs. Tree drew the coupon presented by the Maison Paquin, and announced, 229, Paddington. The owner, Miss Beaumont was present, and appeared delighted with her luck.

Mrs. Cyril Maude drew Charles Heidsieck's coupon numbered 528, the owner of which had gone; Messrs. Druce and Co., No. 437, was also not claimed, but the eleventh, given by Messrs. Hayward, of Bond-street, and drawn by Miss Phyllis Broughton, was claimed, and so was the last, on the International Fur Store, which was drawn by "John 'hilicote" (Mrs. Thurston).

The hostesses were Mrs. George Alexander, Mrs. Beerbohn Tree, Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Alice Nielsen, and Mrs. Herbert Roberts.

The auditorium was transformed into a charming old-world garden, while sunlight gleamed on to an old sundial in the centre through waving palms and feathery trees.

At intervals Anconci, Dani, Miss Alice Nielsen, and Madame De Cisteros sang, and an Italian band played charmingly.

In all respects the "At Home" was voted a great success and the coupons a brilliant idea.

## PRINCE AT LATHOM HALL.

To Be Presented with a Packet of Ormskirck Gingerbread.

Notwithstanding the bleak weather at Ormskirck yesterday, in common with the rest of the country, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by his host, Lord Lathom, shot over the estate.

The Princess and Countess Lathom joined the shooting-party at luncheon, which was taken in a marquee.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ormskirck recalls the fact that it is nineteen years since royalty were entertained at Lathom House, when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, spent some days there.

The royal party stay till Friday, and the opportunity will be taken to present the Prince and Princess with a packet of the famous Ormskirck gingerbread, such as the King accepted on the occasion of his visit nineteen years ago.

## FURNITURE PRINCE DEAD.

Mr. Shoolbred's Great Business and His Catholicity as a Sportsman.

By the death, at the age of sixty-three, of Mr. Walter Shoolbred, son of James Shoolbred, founder of the famous emporium, Tottenham House, a notable London merchant passes away.

It was largely owing to his business acumen that the firm attained its present leading position.

Mr. Shoolbred was also a many-sided sportsman. He took great delight in driving his coach, the New Times, between London and Guildford; and his deer forest in Ross-shire was one of the best in the Highlands.

He used to tell with great glee how on one occasion a West Highland worthy asked him what his business was in London.

"I am a general merchant," said Mr. Shoolbred. "Hooch, a chumeral merchant!" was the reply. "That's what I am myself. Moreover, I hev two post-offices."

## CUSHIONS ACROSS THE SEA.

Norwich City Council, which has just come into possession of two ancient cushions presented to the cathedral 250 years ago by the mayor of the city, resolved yesterday that one be placed in Norwich Museum, and that the other be dispatched as a gift to the corporation of Norwich, Connecticut, U.S.A.

## WITHOUT SLEEP FOR THREE MONTHS.

A Portuguese, named Antonio Cruz, has, according to the "Petit Journal," been with chloral and other narcotics by the leading physicians in Lisbon, and yet has had no sleep for three months. Moreover, he is none the worse for it.

## RUINED BY A TREE.

Pathetic Stories of How the Poor Live.

## STARVATION AND MISERY.

London provided yesterday three instances of the terrible struggles and sufferings of the poor.

In one case a crippled old man of eighty-seven, who for years has kept himself, his wife, and granddaughter on £20 a year, was deprived of even that pittance by the fall of a tree.

In another, a woman told how she had kept herself and her husband and four children in food on two shillings a week, while in the third a woman told how she was compelled to live in a room where rats ran over her children in bed and gnawed the clothes.

William Davies, of Rosebridge Cottage, Mitcham-lane, Streatham, eighty-seven years of age, and crippled by rheumatism, told his pitiable story to the *Daily Mirror*. In his little room his bed-ridden wife lay helpless but silent. His little granddaughter wept bitterly while he told of his trouble.

### Ruined at Eighty-seven.

"This cottage has been mine all my life," he said, in a tremulous voice, "and I have always lived in it."

"For thirty years I worked in the Streatham Board of Works. When, twelve years ago, I was struck down with rheumatic fever and crippled, they refused to allow me a pension. Since then we three have lived on the rent of the other two rooms, and a hard struggle it has been, with an income of £20, and £7 to pay in rates and taxes."

"Now a tree which was being cut down close by has fallen on one of my rooms and wrecked it. The man responsible cannot pay, and I am told I shall have to find £30."

"It is utterly impossible. I have no other relatives but these alive to help me, and I suppose we shall all have to go into the workhouse."

### Women in Distress.

At an inquest on the body of her child, which was held in Shoreditch, Flora Fraser told another tale of misery and want bravely endured.

For eight weeks her husband had been out of work, and for half that time had been in the infirmary. She herself had worked at a laundry to keep their family of four children. Out of her earnings of 7s. 6d. a week 5s. had to go for rent. She had to pledge everything in the home to procure food.

"I have not got a sheet left for a bed, but I don't owe any rent," she proudly told the Court.

It had been impossible for her to give attention to one of her boys, William, a delicate child, seven years of age, and he had died from inflammation of the lungs.

An inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. vouched for the fact that the case was one of genuine poverty, and the coroner gave the distressed woman a sovereign from the poor-box.

### Too Poor To Keep a Cat.

Mrs. Messenger, sued at Southwark for rent and damage, said that her house in West-lane, Rotherhithe, was swarmed with rats, which ran over the beds and gnawed the children's clothes.

"I am too poor," she said, crying bitterly, "to keep a cat. I have four children, the eldest seven years old. The youngest, three months, is lying down on the table, and I have to borrow the money to bury it."

An order was made for 1s. 6d. per month rent, plaintiff waiving her claim for damages.

It is computed that there are 2,000 destitute families in Birmingham, where the number of unemployed is larger than for the last thirty years.

## CENTRAL AFRICAN IRWELL.

Zambesi To Divert the Cotton Industry from Lancashire.

A rosy picture of the future of Rhodesia was drawn yesterday by Mr. W. A. Wills, at the eighth general meeting of the African Concession Syndicate, Ltd.

Discussing the prospective utility of the Victoria Falls, Mr. Wills said the total horse-power of the Falls was 35,000,000,000, which was five times the amount running to waste on the Niagara Falls. With the realisation of a scheme they had in view, large manufacturing industries must arise. The power from the Victoria Falls would be used to a large extent in connection with the cotton industry.

It was only a question of time before the Lancashire cotton industry would be diverted to the banks of the Zambesi. In the future also Rhodesia would become a large cotton producer.

## JUDGE'S HORSE BOLTS.

While Mr. Justice Burnell was being driven to Leicester Castle on Monday night, in the sheriff's carriage, one of the horses broke from the shafts and ran thirty miles before it was captured.

Both horses had fallen on the slippery street, but happily the Judge got out unhurt before they bolted.



## HOOLEY CASE OPENS.

Splendid Bankrupt in the Old Bailey Dock.

## SIR E. CARSON'S INDICTMENT

An intensely interesting chapter in the romantic career of W. Ernest Terah Hooley, the famous company promoter, and his friend, Mr. Henry John Lawson, was opened at the Old Bailey yesterday, when both were placed upon their trial for alleged fraud and conspiracy.

The court was crowded in every part. Purple-robed aldermen shared the bench with Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence, whose fresh scarlet habiliments, and with their bright crime cuffs, revealed his recent elevation to his exalted position.

Mr. Hooley, prince of bankrupts, in a neat blue serge suit, with a white cravat, gave little trace of mental anxiety. He nodded gayly to counsel and acquaintances at intervals during the day, and from time to time held whispered conferences with his colleague.

### Mr. Hooley's Attitude.

During the greater part of the afternoon he sat with bowed shoulders, pressing his hands uneasily against his brown, pointed beard, and occasionally bending over the rails to receive a note from his solicitor.

By the side of Hooley, Lawson presented a sharp contrast. He is a little man, with a round, fresh-complexioned face, a fair moustache, and a bullet head. His scanty hair is parted in the centre. He wore a turndown collar and a red bow, his appearance being more suggestive of the sportsman than the company-promoter.

A small table had been placed in the dock to accommodate the books, papers, and writing materials which the prisoners, especially Mr. Lawson, were using for their defence.

The Solicitor-General started his opening speech—he addressed the Court for three hours—with a general review of the charges, one of which accused the prisoners of causing false statements concerning the Electric Tramways Construction and Maintenance Company to appear in a financial paper in order to deceive the shareholders.

"The fraud alleged is of a very involved and complicated nature," said the Solicitor-General, as he removed his gold-rimmed pince-nez.

### Dramatis Personæ.

Hooley, he explained, was an uncertificated bankrupt, living at the Walsingham Hotel, Piccadilly, carrying on share transactions with cheques drawn on his wife's banking account at Cambridge, or through accounts opened by his creatures, Ormerod and Sims White.

Lawson was at that time owner of the Construction Company, which had its offices at his office in Victoria-street, with no property and no capital, and a set of directors his creatures.

That company was Lawson under another name, Sir Edward Carson, proceeded. He was able to manipulate the 250,000 shares of the Construction Company, which, being worth nothing, when sold were clear profit.

Mr. Alfred John Paine, the owner of the Windsor Castle public-house, near Victoria Station, met Mr. Sims White, one of Hooley's employees, in a train going to Brighton, and was by him introduced to Hooley in order to "make a little money."

Item by item, counsel then plunged into all the "curious transactions" which ended in Mr. Paine losing £4,000.

"These dealings seem to be the usual thing with financiers of this class," said Sir Edward caustically.

"All these are instances," he continued, playing with his pince-nez, "of the making use of the Companies Act to make proper assets. Lawson might just as well sign bank-notes himself and issue them as current coins."

Mr. Alfred J. Paine then stepped into the box. He is a well-dressed little man, with sharp features, an expansive forehead, and a closely-trimmed, brown beard.

Up to November 26, 1900, he had, he said, paid to Hooley £10,500 for shares.

After this Hooley brought to his notice the Electrical Tramways Construction Company, and he had dealings with Lawson.

The trial was adjourned.

## HOUSE OF SPLENDOUR.

Result of a Raid in the West End.

Mrs. Annie Rogers, who was arrested at her residence in Davies-street, Berkeley-square—a house furnished on a scale of unusual magnificence—again appeared before the Marlborough-street magistrate yesterday.

Remarkable facts have been brought to light as the result of a raid made by the police on the establishment which, it was alleged, had been improperly conducted.

The rent of the house alone amounted to £250 a year. The rooms were furnished in most luxurious style, and surprising indications of the occupant's means were found. Jewellery, kept in a safe, was estimated to be worth quite £10,000. A single necklace had been insured for £400.

Certificates of stock worth £1,200 were found, and also a burglary insurance policy for over £3,000.

Mr. Gill, K.C., for the defence, urged that there was probably never a case of the kind before the magistrate with less objectionable features in it. He had advised Mrs. Rogers to give up all interest in the house, and steps would be taken to satisfy the authorities that the nuisance had ceased.

Mr. Denman said he had had some hesitation as to whether Mrs. Rogers should be sent to prison, because, on account of the vastness of the property found in her house, it was evident that a fine would be little or no punishment.

However, to give her another chance, he inflicted a fine of £20 and ten guineas costs.

## PATHETIC HIDE AND SEEK.

Mother and Son Try Without Success to Find Each Other.

Ever since last March a mother and son have been engaged in an unsuccessful search for one another in London.

The son, Corporal James Coleman, of the 1st Northamptonshire Regiment, was discharged from Netley, as medically unfit last March.

After his discharge he called at the Soldiers' Home, Buckingham-gate, and endeavoured to obtain the address of his mother, but without success. Since that time his relatives have not heard of him.

Yesterday his mother, who lives at St. John's-lane, Smithfield, appeared at Clerkenwell Police Court, and sought assistance in finding her son.

The presiding magistrate referred the distressed mother to the Press.

## CRIPPLE REPRIEVED.

Home Secretary Adopts the Jury's Plea for Mercy.

The cripple, Thomas Holmes, who was sentenced to death for the murder of his infant nephew, Thomas Copland, at Tottenham, has, a news agency states, been reprieved.

The crime of which Holmes was found guilty was done apparently to jealousy. On the night of October 1 he quarrelled with his sister and brother-in-law, with whom he lived. Subsequently he murdered their baby boy by beating it to death with a poker.

He disappeared, and for some days could not be traced, but eventually he surrendered to the police.

At the trial last week the jury strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy, and the Judge promised to forward the recommendation to the proper quarter.

## MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

Strange Letter Addressed to a Murdered Man.

A mysterious letter was read at the coroner's inquiry yesterday into the death of the man Schmidt, who was shot and stabbed by Meiss, a fellow-workman, in a Bethnal Green bakehouse.

While in hospital Schmidt received the following letter:—

Jesus Christ was the Messiah, and He will pardon all your sins if you confess. He was (Jacob said) Genesis xiii. 10). The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet until Shiloh come. The Sceptre was departed from Judah. Shiloh was come. He was Jesus Christ.

On the envelope were added the words, "To be read to him before he dies."

The jury found that Schmidt was wilfully murdered by Meiss, who committed suicide.

## PECULIAR PHILANTHROPY.

For breaking the window of a jeweller's shop and throwing the contents into the road, Charles Baker, a young labourer, was remanded at Southwark yesterday. He said his action was intended "for the benefit of the unemployed."

## MUSIC AND MYSTERY.

Fortunes Told to the Strains of a Gramophone.

The gramophone figured as an accessory to fortune-telling in a Bootle Police Court case yesterday. Thomas Harris, a lamplighter under the Bootle Corporation, and his wife Margaret, were charged with telling fortunes and aiding and abetting.

The evidence showed that numbers of girls called at the house of the accused. The actual fortune-telling was done by the wife, while the husband entertained those who were waiting for their turn with gramophone selections.

One witness, who was told the usual rigmorale about fair men and dark women, asked the defendant what her charge would be.

"I do not charge anything," said Mrs. Harris, adding, "I do not get less than sixpence, but sometimes more."

Another witness, who is the wife of a police-constable, was informed that her husband had had poor work lately, but that things would get brisker before Christmas. She also paid sixpence.

Mrs. Harris was fined twenty shillings and costs, but her husband was discharged.

## FORTUNES IN PUBLIC-HOUSES.

County Council to Pay £27,000 for Compulsory Acquisition.

A heavy claim against the London Council was settled in the London Sheriff's Court yesterday.

The jury awarded £27,492 to Mr. Charles Martin, lessee of the Athenæum public-house, Camberwell-new-road, for the compulsory acquisition of his premises. He had put in a claim for £35,000.

As proof of the value of property of the kind it was shown that when Mr. Martin became lessee of the house in 1896 the rental was to be £650 a year, or, if he agreed to take his beer from Messrs. Combe and Co., it was to be reduced to £150. Mr. Martin, on taking the house, also agreed to pay a premium of £12,000.

Subsequently he rebuilt the house, and it was put forward that his capital expenditure had reached virtually £18,000. Mr. Martin's net income was stated to have been £1,800 per year.

## HONEYMOON IN DANGER.

Amusing Dialogue Between Judge Edge and a Widow.

The advantage of the married state from a creditor's point of view formed the basis of an amusing dialogue in the Clerkenwell County Court.

The creditor announced that he thought the lady, who was in his debt, would be able to pay, as he believed she was no longer a widow. The Judge asked her whether it was the case that she had married again.

The Widow: No, but I am going to at Christmas.

Judge Edge: Then it would be a pity for you to spend your honeymoon in Holloway Prison.

The Widow (seriously): It would be a great pity.

Judge Edge: You had better pay one half before you get married.

## CITY MAN DISGRACED.

His Prosecution by a Young Woman Leads to Imprisonment.

As the result of a charge preferred against him by a young woman named Kathleen Amelia Major, sentence of eighteen months' hard labour was passed at the Old Bailey yesterday on George Cooper, a young City merchant.

Miss Major was in the employment of Cooper at his premises in Long-lane. Her story was that while she was alone in one of the departments one evening Cooper asked her to try on some garments which he sold in his business. His subsequent conduct led her to give him into custody.

The case was heard by Mr. Justice Grantham, and occupied most of the day. Cooper gave a total denial to the charge, but the jury found him guilty.

## ORDER AGAINST MR. SIEVIER.

In the Westminster County Court yesterday Judge Woodfall had before him the case of Coates v. Sievier on a judgment summons, in which the plaintiff applied for the commitment of Mr. Robert Sievier, described as editor of the "Winning Post."

The defendant did not appear, and an order was made for payment in two months, or, in default, committal for twelve days.

## JOCKEY'S EARNINGS.

A summons against Arthur Nightingall, described as a well-known cross-country jockey, was adjourned at Westminster County Court yesterday.

The debtor sent £2 and said he had not earned £25 since the early part of the year.

## JOURNAL FOR EXILES.

Overseas "Daily Mail" for English People Abroad.

## NEW LINK OF EMPIRE.

Deep into the jungle cuts the path of the new railway line. Day after day the work goes steadily on. The axes swing, the great trees fall, the logs are sawn and rolled away from the narrow way which marks the march of civilisation.

Guiding and directing all is the one white man, an Englishman, a pioneer in the van of civilisation as the traditions of his race direct.

To the little community of natives he signifies law and order, to himself he is just the incarnation of loneliness. Every day brings the same toil, the same dazing heat, the same longing for a word of home, the same longing for firm pavements, for houses, for shops, for the busy haunts where the men he knows play the game of life.

### Longing for News.

Each night, as he turns and turns again behind the mosquito curtains in his rough shanty, while the deadly fever mist drifts by from the reeking jungle, he longs for word from the outside world—the world he knew, the life he has left behind:

Oh, for a week in the very centre of things, just a week in which to learn how the world is turning.

The dawn breaks once more on the day of toil, but it is a day of comparative excitement. It is the day on which the mail—if there is one—should arrive, a day carefully marked on the calendar. Yes, up the clearing pants a slim, wiry, running figure, naked but for a waist-cloth. One hand bears a forked stick—for snakes are many and dangerous—on the other wrist is strapped a little tinkling bell—the sign of the mail.

It is a small parcel of mail which is borne so far into the wilds—an official communication about the work, two letters from home, and—joy and delight—a newspaper.

The news of one day, at any rate. Well, one day is better than nothing. No, it is not an ordinary paper. It is sixteen pages of news—good readable news from every corner of the world.

News of England, news of Europe, news of America, news from everywhere and of everything—the whole news of a week skillfully collected and as skillfully told. And, best of all, a little document to say that each week for a whole year these sixteen pages of vital news will start upon their journey into the jungle. Fifty-two papers!

It is the "Overseas Mail," which will find its way wherever the post can go, over the snow of the north and south, through the jungles of the Equator, to the islands of the great oceans.

Next Friday sees the first number. On that day, and on every following Friday, in time to catch the mails to every part of the world, the "Overseas Mail" will contain the full story of the past week.

### All the Week's News.

All the news—home and foreign—will be found in its sixteen pages. All the important leading articles and reviews that have appeared in the "Daily Mail" during the week will be reprinted. A review of the week's events will be written especially for the Briton beyond the seas. No topic which can possibly interest him will be omitted.

It is the exile's newspaper. Nothing could be easier than for the Briton at home to send these welcome pages of news to friends or relative abroad. All that is necessary is to fill up the order form which appears on page 2, and forward it with a crossed postal order for 5s. to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," London, E.C. On the order form you must fill in the name and address of the person to whom the weekly issue of the "Overseas Mail" is to be sent. Then your part of the business is done. First, a letter will be sent to the person you have named, telling him or her that for a year the paper will be posted to them each week, and saying at whose order this is done. Then they will receive their papers, week by week.

And now, too, when one is wondering what Christmas present to send to the exile abroad, the paper is most welcome. With present could be more appreciated than a year's subscription? It is a present which costs only 5s., but keeps the donor in mind week by week the whole year through.

The first number appears on Friday, so be quick.

## THINNEST WATCHES

IN THE WORLD.

REDUCED TO 25/- FIVE YEARS' GUARANTEE

Sold Elsewhere at £2 10s.

Blue Oxidised Cases - Jewelled Lever Movements - ACCURATE TIMEKEEPERS. Post Free.

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been read over 50 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by all Chemists at 1/6 per bottle.



# NEWS ITEMS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Goats' milk is found to be immune from tuberculosis germs.

Another meeting of the Defence Committee took place yesterday at Mr. Balfour's official residence.

Although snow is lying on the ground, a pear-tree at Clarendon Park, Leicester, was bearing its third bloom yesterday.

H.M. cruiser Hawke was officially inspected yesterday and fully equipped for duties as a sea-going training-ship for boys.

## CARDOON ON SALE.

That popular winter vegetable, the cardoon, is on sale. The plant hails from the south of Europe. Its cultivation on an extensive scale in this country is of comparatively recent date.

## FAIR-RENT COURTS.

The Hackney Borough Council has passed a resolution urging the promotion of legislation for the fixing of fair rents for weekly tenants in towns. Other of the metropolitan councils have adopted the resolution.

## BEGGAR IN AMBUSH.

Sentence of twelve months, the maximum term of imprisonment for begging, was passed at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday on a man who lurked behind trees in Hyde Park and accosted people in the dark, demanding money.

## MILLIONAIRE'S SANATORIUM.

Mr. Carnegie has it stated, purchased the wonderful estate of Lea Park, Godalming, on which Mr. Whitaker Wright spent over three-quarters of a million sterling.

It is proposed by Mr. Carnegie to establish a national convalescent home or sanatorium.

## YACHT DESIGNER'S WILL.

Mr. G. L. Watson, the famous yacht designer, has left an estate amounting to £20,000.

He bequeathes £5,000 each to his brother and sister, £500 to his outside surveyor, £500 to his oldest domestic servant, £100 to the foreman (Smith), and £50 to the foreman joiner at Henderson's shipyard.

The residence is left to his wife and child.

## IMPROVED SUBMARINE.

In an interesting series of deep-water experiments with the new B1 submarine, built at Barrow, the vessel has demonstrated her ability to remain under water for three hours at a time without any difficulty.

This boat also excels those previously built in her powers of propulsion when on the surface of the water.

## "THE AULD BRIG OF AYR."

The "Auld Brig of Ayr," made famous in Scottish literature, has been reopened for traffic.

It was thought that recent floods had made the bridge unsafe, but on examination it was found that beyond the washing away of some of the concrete at the foundation of the north pier it has not suffered material damage.

## CHURCHES HELP HOSPITALS.

Presided over by the Lord Mayor, a meeting was held yesterday at the Mansion House, of the Hospital Sunday Fund.

The collections amounted to £47,912, being the largest amount for thirty-two years, except on the occasion when the King and Queen visited St. Paul's Cathedral.

Next year's collection is to be made on Sunday, June 29.

## NEW USE FOR TWINS.

On an application being made to Alderman Grime at Blackpool for a vaccination exemption certificate for twins, he suggested to the father he might make an interesting experiment.

If he had one child only vaccinated he could compare their progress to manhood and see which got on best.

This suggestion was declined by the applicant, and certificates for both were granted.

## PROMOTING HIGHER EDUCATION.

Lord Londonderry has been more than sympathetic to the resolution passed at the Manchester conference of the Association of the Chambers of Commerce on the question of higher technical and commercial education.

As President of the Board of Education, he has consented to receive a deputation on December 12 with a view of deciding whether any better provision can be made under the existing Act, or whether fresh legislation is necessary.

## BURGULARY'S RAID.

Swindon, which ordinarily boasts a gratifying immunity from burglary and serious crime, has been rudely awakened from its complacency.

In two days there have been no fewer than six cases of daring house-breaking, but the value of the property stolen has not been of a startling character.

No arrests have been effected, and the police regard the incident as due to the sudden and casual incursion of a criminal gang, who have now returned safely to their homes in one of the large towns.

For years there has not been such a large attendance at the Wool Exchange as yesterday, when there was great excitement among buyers.

Subscriptions for the 5 per cent. Preference shares in the "Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury" Company reached over £600,000, being three times the amount asked.

Mr. Ernest Grace, secretary of the Anchor Society, Bristol, has died at an early age after a operation for appendicitis. He was a member of the Society of Friends.

H.M. torpedo-gunboat Gossamer completed her preparations for sea yesterday, and began instructional cruises in the North Sea with training classes from the Chatham depot.

## CANADA AND AGRICULTURE.

In a paper which he read yesterday afternoon at the Royal Colonial Institute, on the wealth of Canada as an agricultural country, Mr. W. Staley Sparks remarked that much of the success of the country was due to the way in which the railways had helped the farmer and immigrants by opening up the country.

If the breeders in this country would send some of their surplus stock to Canada they would get better prices than at home, and would be creating a market which would prove beneficial to this country and Canada. Canadians, it had been stated, would be willing to have Canada annexed to the United States. Such statements showed the authors of them to be absolutely ignorant of the character of the Canadian people, who were amongst the King's most loyal and devoted subjects.

## THAMES BARRAGE SCHEME.

The merits of the Thames barrage scheme at Gravesend in making the muddy Thames an inland lake at continuous high-water level are obvious. Possibly there are overwhelming disadvantages, but until these are clearly established it seems foolish to proceed with the expensive dredging operations contemplated by the Port of London Bill.

At to-morrow's meeting of the City Corporation it will be moved that the Government should be petitioned to appoint a Commission to inquire into the scheme before dealing with any Bill relating to the port.

## STATUS OF MEDICAL STUDENTS.

At the eighth session of the General Medical Council yesterday the question of the status of medical students was considered.

Mr. Jackson said it was common practice for men who were not qualified to describe themselves as students, and in one instance he had known a man to practice for thirty-five years under these conditions.

The president pointed out that the council was not concerned with any student unless he was undergoing the five years' curriculum provided. The onus of proof of the status of a student must rest with the person accused.

## JUDGE'S COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Justice Grantham, as Treasurer of the Inner Temple, provided his guests with an agreeable surprise at the Grand Day dinner of the society last week, when there was displayed on the table a large and handsome representation of the flag of the Japanese worked in chrysanthemums of different colours.

The effect was pretty, and the Japanese Minister, Viscount Hayashi, who was the principal guest of the evening, was extremely gratified by the delicate compliment thus paid to him and his country.

## HEALTHY WEYBRIDGE!

A notice appears in the current number of the "Weybridge, Surrey, Congregational Messenger" announcing that the Weybridge District Nursing Association has ceased to exist.

After recording the good work done in the past the notice proceeds:—"It was not understood, however, how healthy a place Weybridge is. The cases for the last few months have been so few that there seems no justification for continuing the work. Weybridge has proved so healthy as not to require the services of a trained nurse."

## TEETOTALISM QUALIFIED.

There are fine gradations in teetotalism at Halifax, possibly arranged to suit the different degrees of inebriety affected by its disciples.

A witness in a "drunk" case, who was asked if he had himself taken anything to drink, replied with the ingenious evasion, "I am a teetotaler, sir." The chief constable, who evidently is acquainted with the local limitations of the cult, queried "A staunch teetotaler?"

"Well," replied the witness, "a little bit that way, but not staunch."

## LESSONS OF EMPIRE.

The Economic Collections at the Imperial Institute having been largely re-arranged and increased, and on Wednesday afternoon the museum of the building will accompany visitors through the galleries and afford information respecting the objects exhibited and the Colonies from which they are derived.

Special arrangements may be made for the visits of schools on Saturday afternoons, and also for special demonstrations to teachers.

Arrangements are completed for a visit of West Indian cricketers to England in 1906.

Mr. Justice Bray's elevation to the Bench is to be celebrated by a dinner at the Trocadero on December 15.

Lord Alverstone will present the prizes to the successful students of the Birkbeck College on Tuesday, December 6.

The Commissioner of Police has issued an order that the witnesses for the prosecution in the Stephens murder case are to have police protection until further notice.

## CRIMINAL APPEAL COURT.

The subject of a Court of Criminal Appeal is deeply agitating legal circles.

Next Friday the Hardwicke Society, at their meeting in the Inner Temple Lecture Hall, will be asked to affirm the necessity for the establishment of such a court.

## CHOKED BY DAMSON STONES.

It was supposed that a little girl named Evelyn Downward, living in Hulme, Manchester, who was suffocated, had died from swallowing a damson stone.

At the inquest it was stated that no fewer than four stones had been discovered.

## FORTUNE-TELLER OUT OF BUSINESS.

When, in August last, charges of fortune-telling were heard at Blackpool against Madame Bianca Unorna, they were adjourned on her promise to abandon her pursuit.

These have now been withdrawn on payment of costs, as her husband has written from Chelsea to the effect she has carried out her undertaking.

## HAT LINED WITH BANKNOTES.

Arrested for stealing a large sum from his employers, Maurice Jacob, a clerk, was asked to produce any money in his possession. He then took from the lining of his hat Bank of England notes to the value of over £100.

At the Mansion House, yesterday, he was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

## RESISTERS' LOST VOTES.

It is stated that no appeal will be lodged against the decision of the Lord Chief Justice that non-payment of the Education rate entails the penalty of disfranchisement.

The reason given is that on the present register, under which it is expected the next General Election will be fought, only about 200 votes are affected throughout the whole country.

## WHISPERING IN COURT.

Mr. Justice Phillimore is, he says, getting tired of trying to overcome the annoying practice of witnesses giving their evidence in a whisper.

"I spend half my judicial time, and get myself unpopular and disliked, telling people, for the sake of the jury, to speak up," he said at the Manchester Assizes. "Then they go home and say how harsh I am."

## DANGEROUS POINTS.

Owing to the increased speed and the ever-growing increase of traffic along the London road, by Elephant and other congested thoroughfares, the position of the L.C.C. pointsmen has become exceedingly dangerous.

In order to secure the safety of the men the Council has now obtained consent of the Southwark authorities to have the lever apparatus removed from the roadway and placed on the footpath.

## CRYSTAL PALACE TAKINGS.

During the half year ending June last it is shown by the balance-sheet of the Crystal Palace, just issued, that the receipts amounted to £62,460.

The number of visitors during this period was 1,252,052. The expenditure was £53,437, the principal item being £25,717 for concerts, fêtes, shows, and music. The total capital account of the company ranking for dividend reaches the colossal total of £638,387.

## BOYS DECLINE HOLIDAYS.

Competition for attendance honours at Llangollen Council schools is so keen that many of the boys have refused to accompany their parents on a day's excursion to the seaside or to Liverpool.

For the school year just ended fourteen boys scored the full number of 425 attendances and twenty-one only missed once.

Abel Roberts has now never been even late once for eleven and a quarter years, and his rival, Luther Garner, claims the same record for ten and a half years.

## HIS BROTHER'S FATE.

Killed by a fall of rock in the Staffordshire Fishley Colliery, the death of John Davis, of Pelsall, recalls the sensation caused by the disappearance of his brother Benjamin in the same mine.

This man was known to have entered the mine and seen at work, but he was suddenly missed, and never seen again, and the mystery has never been cleared up to this day.

The case attracted wide attention through a funeral service being held at the pithead, at which colliers from far and near were present.

## PANTOMIME HEROES.

### "Aladdin's" Story the Most Popular This Year.

Theatrical managers are now busy preparing for the fast-approaching pantomime season.

This year "Aladdin" is the most popular story in London, as it furnishes the book in three cases. Next come "Cinderella" and "Puss in Boots," each in two theatres.

At the Kennington Theatre the pantomime will be "Aladdin," with Miss Rachel Lowe as principal boy and Miss Georgina Melton as principal girl. "Robinson Crusoe" is at the Camden Theatre, with Miss Nellie Cozens and Miss Lipsie Wolfe in the parts of Robinson and Polly. The part of Man Friday will be played by a negro named Billy McLean.

"Red Riding Hood" will be produced at the Coronet, Notting-hill, and the artists will include Miss Madge Vincent, Mr. J. J. Dale, Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Schofield, and Mr. J. Burgess.

At the Crown, Peckham, "Cinderella" will be given. Miss May Mars plays the Prince, and Cinderella will be personated by Miss Alice Lloyd. "Forty Thieves" is the pantomime at the Fulham Grand, and amongst the engagements are those of Mr. Eardley Turner (who plays Falstaff in Mr. Tree's company), and Felino, the great animal mimic.

The libretto at the Grand (Islington) is based on "The Babes in the Wood" story. Miss Julia Kent will be principal boy.

Versions of "Aladdin" will be produced at the Brixton and Standard (North) Theatres. "Red Riding Hood" will be produced at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith.

One of the marked features in this season's pantomimes will be the increase in the number of original songs. Music-hall items will be less evident than heretofore, though, of course, the principal artists will be stars of the halls.

## THE CITY.

### Snowstorms and Rails—Consols Firm—Gas Securities Looked On with Favour.

CAPITAL COURT, Tuesday Evening.—Stock markets have today again shown a fairly firm tendency, though not perhaps so good as yesterday. The general belief now is that the Bank rate will not be raised on Thursday, and, this being the case, Consols are firm and steady, while there is a generally better tendency for most of the leading investment stocks. Perhaps there is a somewhat unsatisfactory feeling as regards Home Rails, but this is due to the somewhat poor traffic published so far this week, which are themselves a reflection of last week's fogs. Still, consolation can be got out of the Great Eastern decrease of £2,900, and the South-Eastern £81 down, but the Metropolitan £78 up. Taking everything into consideration, the share was as good as might reasonably have been expected in the circumstances. To-day, however, the snowstorms came in for some discussion, and so the markets were depressed. Rough losses were quite insignificant. In fact, Great Central descriptions found favour.

Americans were very quiet, and business was on a reduced scale. There was only one good feature in the morning, and that was the demand for Steel securities. But this afternoon there was a better tendency as New York opening, and a disposition to buy the leading stocks. Southern Pacific and Unions were good on talk of a coming settlement of the Northern Securities business.

### Canadian Rails Steady.

Canadian Rails were fairly steady, and Argentine Rails have been rather quiet. Some doubt being helped in part by the news published yesterday not only as regards crop prospects, but in reference to the fact that France is considering schemes for improving her trade relations with Argentina. Mexican Central issues have been quite a feature, and indeed most American descriptions are helped by the currency reform proposals, which have already been fully explained in these columns. As regards the securities of the Mexican Railway itself, there is perhaps a little less certainty, for here there is the fact that recent speculation has been somewhat excessive. Reverting to Canadian Rails, it may be noted that the shares are going for a Grand Trunk stock increase of 48.00 on Thursday next.

As regards Foreigners, the Bourses abroad still seem to be fairly confident, and there are signs of further peace rumours about Mexico. Mexican Government securities are strong, for reasons already noted. The Peruvian game is continuing, and two sections seem to be at work in the market, the one endeavouring to depress and the other to hoist prices, and both are working very energetically. Japanese bonds are fairly firm. A striking feature in the market has been some disposition on the part of Paris to sell copper shares, which has led to weakness in these special descriptions.

### Nitrate Warning.

For reasons which were noted yesterday Gas securities have once more been in favour. Some of the specialities have been rather more prominent. But taking the Miscellaneous descriptions as a whole, there is no reason to be concerned. A word of warning seems to be necessary in connection with a concern called the Nitrate Syndicate, which is endeavouring to get its shares among the public by representing itself as working in harmony with nitrate interests. The means adopted are most reprehensible, and we should be glad if any readers who have been induced to subscribe for shares on the strength of the circulars will communicate with us in the matter. The so-called syndicate has been repudiated by the leading nitrate companies.

As regards Mines, the Rhodesian group continues active and strong, and there has been talk of further broad development money being supplied. No doubt Rhodesian badly wants railway extensions, but we can find no official confirmation of this. A striking feature in the market was the fact that the Kafir market as a whole was firm, but the close was below the best. As regards both Westralians and African nitrate, there has not been taken place they have been mostly in the right direction for holders. There is still an attempt to revive interest in the Egyptian group.



NOTICE TO READERS.

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TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1904.

THESE MY LITTLE ONES.

NO one with a heart could walk about in the bitter cold yesterday and not feel sorry for the many poor creatures who are unable to keep warm. Thousands in every district of London have neither food enough nor fire enough nor clothing enough to fortify their shivering frames against the biting snow underfoot and the cutting wind. It is all very well to come out with warm winter clothes on after a good hot breakfast in a comfortable room and to say, "Jolly reasonable weather, this. How well it makes me feel!" It would make you feel very far from well if you had been kept awake by the cold all night, and had had nothing to speak of for breakfast.

And if it gives us a pain at the heart to think of men and women suffering, how much more pitiable is the state of the children, to whom winter brings added hardship! Of the urgent necessity of feeding those little ones who are sent hungry to school we have spoken before. The physical efficiency of the next generation of Britons largely depends upon it. Vague talk of Socialism might not to deter us from giving this matter most strenuous attention.

Meals, however, are not the only need of the poor mites of the East End. Boots are equally important requisite to a healthy, happy life. It ought to require no words from us to commend to our readers the excellent work just set on foot by the London Evening News. This journal has calculated that 33,000 pairs of boots are wanted to keep the rain and freezing slush from the feet of little East-Enders. Upon its own account it has ordered 2,000 pairs; it gives the public the chance to "pay, pay, pay" for the rest.

Precautions are being taken against the boots being pawned by parents—for, unfortunately, there are fathers and mothers so idle and detestable as to be capable of drinking away their children's comfort and well-being. Care will be taken, too, to give boots only to children whose parents are really unable to provide them. Do not fear, therefore, that your gifts will be misapplied. And if you have any doubts on the subject of "indiscriminate charity" recollect that it was once said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If Happiness in self-content is plac'd,  
The Wise are Wretched, and Fools only bless'd.  
—Congreve.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PRINCE LOUIS-PHILIPPE of Portugal, for whom, according to a Lisbon paper, King Carlos is arranging a marriage in England, will not be eighteen till next March. He is a young man of pleasant manners and some character—quite one of the royal "eligibles" of Europe. But it is not likely that he would be married until he is in his twentieth year, so, if the engagement is made now, it will, for a royal pair, be rather a long one.

The Lisbon journal speaks of "one of King Edward's granddaughters" as the probable bride. But the eldest granddaughter of his Majesty is Lady Alexandra Duff, the Duchess of Fife's child, and she is only thirteen. The King has, however, several nieces of marriageable age. The two

daughters of the Duke of Connaught are respectively twenty-two and eighteen. Princess Ena of Battenberg is seventeen. Then there is the daughter of Princess Christian, Princess Victoria. But she would be rather old for a bridegroom of nineteen. On the whole, Princess Ena seems the most likely bride for Prince Louis, if he is really to marry an English wife.

It is said that women ought to have the privilege of never being obliged to make up their minds. Madame Réjane avails herself of that permission freely. She has now decided to continue her divorce proceedings against M. Porel, the clever manager of the Vaudeville. A little while ago she was proceeding against him reluctantly when she came upon an article in the "Figaro" which affected

tionately recommended her to stick to him. She wept, embraced him, and was reconciled. Since then she has been by turns reconciled and relentless. Poor M. Porel! How he must meditate upon the uncertainty of life—and wife!

The truth is, that Madame Réjane has always been of an independent turn of mind. She has fought her own way up from the days when her father, who was a poor ticket-inspector at the Ambigu Theatre in Paris, used to take her to the theatre with him, and let her wander about the building peering at the melodramas, while he took tickets at the door. She had little help but her own talent. It is true that her teacher, M. Régnier, coached her free of charge. But that was because he felt she would do him so much credit. "I cannot accept money," he told her, "from an artist like you."

KING CARLOS WISHES OUR CLIMATE WERE MORE HOSPITABLE



"In the north it took to snowing hard directly I got there."



"In the south I could never see anything because of the fog."

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. E. T. Hooley.

FOR two years he was the financial king of England. Now he is in the dock at the Old Bailey.

Eight years ago he burst upon London, dazzling everyone with the glitter of his gold. Enormous schemes were started. Company after company was floated by him. His suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, cost him £200 a week. All day and every day he was besieged by anxious seekers after gold. Earls jostled City messenger boys on the staircases. Society ladies came practically to blows in their endeavours to reach the great man. And it was with no niggard hand that he scattered the "good things" of his business.

Then came the smash, and two years after his meteoric rise the great man had sunk again.

Even now he is only forty-six. The son of a Nottingham lace manufacturer, he first followed his father's business, but found the possibilities of stockbroking too tempting. At first his schemes were carried on in Nottingham.

From his earliest days he had the genius for making money. From the time he was twenty-one or so he was making about £3,000 a year. Then came wealth and the sensational career in London.

Lately he has aged, but he is still a young man. The face is eager and alert, but astonishingly calm and self-possessed. A touch of unconventionality is given by the close-cropped black hair.

He is not a dweller in towns, and has never looked it. A frock-coat does not suit him. He was born and bred in the country, and his farm is his home. He is a squire before anything, even before a financier.

Those who know him best will tell you that the two most noticeable things about him are his pluck and his generosity. There are many people in England who could speak for his generosity if they would.

"Quite a clever girl, isn't she?"  
"Clever? Why, she has brains enough for two!"  
"Marry her at once."—"Smart Set."

SOCIAL PROBLEMS—No. III.

The Locked Door Difficultly.

COLONEL VANE and Lady Arthur Vere have been seen so much about together that Lord Arthur's jealousy is aroused. He threatens unpleasant consequences unless they promise to meet one another no more, except in general company.

A week after they have given this undertaking they find themselves unexpectedly staying in the same country-house. The morning after their arrival Colonel Vane is alone in the library, looking over the bookshelves, when the door opens and Lady Arthur appears. She starts on seeing him and turns away, but slips on a rug laid over the polished floor, falls heavily, and faints.

Colonel Vane is a man of action. He has heard that a cold object down the back is the best remedy for fainting. He snatches the key from the door and slips it down Lady Arthur's neck. Just at that moment the door rattles. Someone is trying to get in. It flashes across Colonel Vane's mind that, as he took the key out, he turned it in the lock. The door is fast shut.

Then he hears, outside, the voices of Lord Arthur Vere and his host asking why it will not open. What is he to do?

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

NOVEMBER 23.—The garden is slowly putting on its winter dress. One by one the dead stalks are being cut down. Everything begins to look tidy and in order again.

Although we cannot look for brilliant flowers in bloom now, there is no reason why the spaces they occupied should not be made to look attractive. Those who are not content with dreaming of the latent beauties hidden beneath the flat borders can relieve the monotony by dotting dwarf evergreen about them.

Small plants of the variegated or plain holly, laurel, and privet, slipped in between the permanent occupants of the beds, will give the garden a touch of green until the spring.

E. F. T.

The Grand Duke of Hesse, whose betrothal to a German Princess is officially announced, has been married before, and to a niece of King Edward. But the marriage did not turn out happily, and was dissolved. The Grand Duke's tastes were distinctly different from those of the first Grand Duchess. He is an excellent shot, but does not care for sport. He prefers the original occupation (for a man) of making embroidery. He used to amuse himself by working in bed after breakfast with his needle. The Duchess was devoted to sport and exercise. No wonder they "agreed to differ."

When the Grand Duke went out to the Delhi Durbar in 1903, he made friends with Mr. Mortimer Menpes on the boat. The Duke taught Mr. Menpes to sketch on the soles of his feet, as Orientals do, and the other passengers often used to gather round to see them sitting cross-legged on deck, endeavouring to do the thing properly. Altogether the ruler of the Dukedom of Hesse is an eccentric sort of person. One can only hope the future Grand Duchess knows what to expect.

It is not often a peerage goes begging. When one does, plenty of claimants always present themselves. Next session the Earldoms of Strathern, Menteith, and Airhe are to be bid for in the House of Lords by a Cornish mayor. Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham, the well-known writer and adventurer in distant parts, will oppose him. Mr. Cunningham-Graham has wandered everywhere. He likes getting away from civilisation, which he regards as a bad complaint, something like influenza, only worse. So he departs frequently upon long journeys in Africa.

Once, in Morocco, he was imprisoned for wanting to know too much. But he knows Eastern ways, and got away safely. He dresses as a sheikh when he is in the East. On another occasion, as he was getting home in this garb towards evening, he perceived a large crowd making for him. "Now," he thought, "I am done for. I shall be imprisoned again, or cut to pieces at once."

Nothing of the sort. The natives wanted the holy man's blessing. Mr. Cunningham-Graham murmured something which sounded very like one, and the crowd respectfully let him pass.

Mrs. George Alexander is quite as enterprising, in a managerial way, as her husband. She managed an enormous charity reception with immense success at the St. James's Theatre yesterday. She always manages the dress side of Mr. Alexander's productions, and is herself a most marvellous dresser. She also helps her husband in the choice of actors and actresses. It is said that she recommended Mrs. Campbell. For this alone her name ought to be gratefully remembered by playgoers.

It was very pleasant at Mrs. Alexander's tea-party to see Miss Winifred Emery, at last restored from her long illness. Few actresses could have been more missed than she. She has fought her way up by hard work and perseverance. Her first appearances were not very encouraging. In one of them she had to play a fairy. The fairy was discovered on a pedestal. Miss Emery shook so with "stage fright" that the pedestal wobbled and toppled. But the little girl looked at the conductor, and his kind smile encouraged her so much that she managed to save the pedestal from falling and go on with her part. But she remembers the incident still, and is always very nervous on first nights.

PETS AT THE PLAY.

"The modern craze for unusual pets was exemplified (at the performance of "Adriana Lecouvreur," at Covent Garden last Saturday) by a well-known lady who brought a chameleon. The little creature is very sensitive to music, which seems to hypnotise it."—"Daily Mail," November 14.

Mr. George Edwards, always on the alert to diagnose the trend of fashion, has made arrangements by which a portion of the *foyer* has been railed off as a lounge and refreshment bar for pets, a trained keeper from the Zoo being always in attendance.

We regret to state that an unfortunate accident has marred the success of this popular innovation. On Wednesday evening Mr. John Henry Payne was severely bitten in the small of the back by a tame tarantula which had escaped from the gold filigree reticule of pretty Mrs. Stuyvesant Salmon, who was otherwise charming in pink. The audience had for some time been conscious that Mr. Payne had been dancing with more than his usual vivacity.—"Punch."



# TODAY'S NEWS ILLUSTRATED.

## KING CARLOS AS A BRITISH OFFICER.



Photographed last week as Colonel-in-Chief of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.—(Russell.)

## WINE FLAGONS FOR THE KING.



Made of silver, and presented by the Senate of Hamburg to commemorate King Edward's visit to their city.

## THE ROYAL SHOOTING PARTY AT CRANBOURNE TOWER.



A photograph taken on November 16 and published in the *Daily Mirror* with the sanction of their Majesties. In the front row the King, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, H.M. the Queen of Portugal, H.M. the King, H.M. the King of Portugal, his Excellency the Marquis de Soveral, H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge, Hon. J. Ward, Hon. C. Hill and Saunders.

## WORTHY WORKMEN IN DISTRESS AT MANCHESTER.



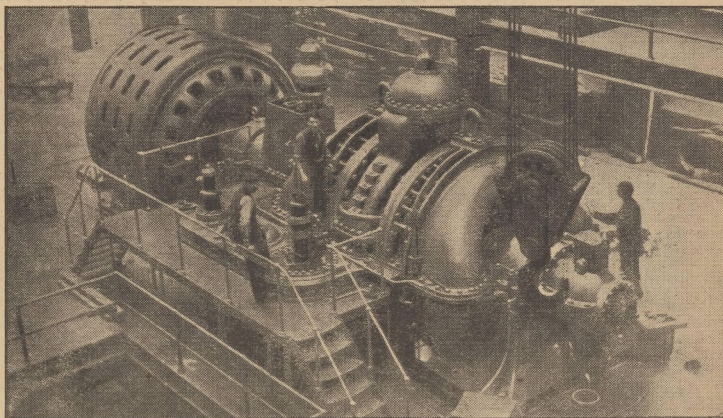
They are not of the tramp class, but men who would do work if they could get it. They were photographed while waiting for a free distribution of coffee and buns.

## MOTOR-CAR.



An idea of M. Renard, who thinks that the motor car would save the world.

## NOISY ELECTRIC POWER STATION AT CHELSEA.



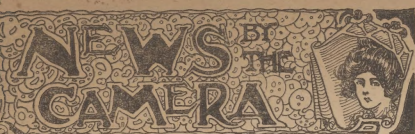
One of the ten turbo-generators for the Underground Railway, in Lot's-road, Chelsea, each of 12,000 horse power. The noise of these generators alarms the neighbourhood.

## JUSTICE.



The type of cottage which would save the world.





WINDSOR PARK.



Names are as follows (reading from left to right):—Countenhor Antonio Edwardo Villaca, Count de Taronca, H. Princess Victoria, H.R.H. Prince of Wales, H.M. Walter Campbell, Count de Arnoso, Duke of Argyll.—

MADE INTO A TRAIN.



The future passengers will be transported in this way. It is the expense of stations, rails, etc.

ANTHAM AS AN ARCHITECT.



He is building at Barcombe, Sussex, in defiance of the opposition of the council.

# RUSSIAN MILITARY PRESS GANG: CAPTURING PEASANTS TO MAKE THEM FIGHT



THE CAPTURE OF UNWILLING RUSSIAN "PATRIOTS."



Every day the Russian Government finds it more difficult to get recruits. The peasants have little interest in the war, know little about it, and care less. It is necessary, therefore, to obtain more soldiers by force.



# QUICK GLANCE AT THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

What to Order and What to Avoid  
at the Library.

## THE SPECIALIST.

By A. M. Irvine. John Lane. 6s.

A decidedly unpleasant book. It centres in a famous Continental doctor, who is a specialist in heart and lung troubles. Everybody either dies, is dying, or thinks they are dying, while one character is in the grip of a mesmeric impostor. The chief interest is in a young novelist, who is named to death by the doctor, and who consents, his life is beyond saving, to undergo an experimental operation in the cause of science. The operation, as it was bound to do on paper, cures him, and all ends happily—even the specialist grieves the wife of one of his dead patients. One lies her, however.

## THE PRISONER OF CARISBROOKE.

By Sidney Herbert Burchell. Gay and Bird. 6s.

A historic novel of the great Civil War. The prisoner of Carisbrooke is, of course, Charles I. The hero of the book is also historic, his chief claim being his governorship of the Isle of Wight while Charles was a prisoner there. A dramatic incident, also historical, is the attack on the "Fortune" Playhouse by the Puritanical mob. It is a good book, but it is really too long. There are ninety-four chapters and 470 odd pages. Rather too much of a good thing.

## FOR SATAN'S SAKE.

By Elliott O'Donnell. Greening. 6s.

A book by an author who possesses a vivid imagination, even if a somewhat distorted one. A man commits suicide, and his soul goes to hell. All, by the way, is a very different place from what one expects it, if Mr. O'Donnell is to be taken as an authority. From his new abode he visits the earth as special emissary of the Prince of Darkness, and instigates crimes. The whole theme is a novel way of introducing a number of weird, short stories, labelled as the "missions" of this hellish ambassador.

## WYTHA WYTHA: A TALE OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

By H. N. B. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

Summed up in its sub-title—A Tale of Australian Life. It is written with the avowed intention of rectifying the impression that life in Australia is composed nowadays of bushrangers, kangaroos, anger, and billy-can tea. For the novelist's purpose, Australia is obviously not what it was, but one half of the world spends its time in wondering what the other half lives, it is not uninteresting, even if not exciting.

## "THE SEA-WOLF."

Jack London's New Novel of the Sea. Heinemann. 6s.

A good story, well told. The idea on which Mr. London has set out to build his book is excellent, not exactly new. A rich, effeminate author, whose most strenuous effort in life has been literary criticism, is wrecked at sea and rescued by a whaling vessel. He is taken for the cruise, made to act as cabin-boy, and, under the kicks and cuffs of the crew and the absolute brutality of the captain, develops into a self-reliant man. The value of the book lies in the way Mr. London has drawn the change in character. The book, however, takes its name from the captain of the vessel. He is typically perfect, fearless and brutal. Five or six men lose their lives at his hands during the voyage. At the same time Mr. London makes him deal deep metaphysical arguments with his new cabin-boy. One is tempted to think that the author has only introduced this trait so that he can more easily show the change in character of the developing dilettante. It's a book to read and enjoy at the same time welcome as a work worthy serious consideration.

## MINIATURES FROM LONDON LIFE.

T. R. Croger, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. Gay and Bird. 3s. 6d. Not a scientific work, though the author on the page lays claim to having written a book titled "Notes on Conductors and Conducting," which presumably has no reference to the taking fares on omnibuses. The chief merit lies in the skill with which the author wanders around the subjects of which he is supposed to be telling.

## FORTUNE'S CASTAWAY.

By W. J. Eccott. Blackwood. 6s.

Deals with adventures—not very thrilling ones of Mr. Hugh Malet in the times when James II. is still King of England and William of Orange is preparing to take his place. The author makes not very successful attempt to portray the wit of the times and the high-flown compliments of fashionable conversation. The reader will welcome the conventional exclamations "zounds" of the old characters, and "hoity-toity" of the female.

## CANADA—BRITAIN'S LARGEST COLONY.

By A. L. Haydon. Cassell.

The latest addition to "Our Empire" Series. It is in the hope that Mr. Haydon's book will attract attention to Canada and its many advantages and resource that I venture to commend it to the favourable consideration of its readers," says Lord Rathfriland in an introduction. It is a glorified side-book or emigration agents' booklet, treating the wonderful and varied crops, magnificent game, and other things of the same kind which I appeal to the emigrant—and others.

# THE DEAD HAND.

SOME UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES BY  
THE LATE PHIL MAY.

By permission of Messrs. Thacker we reproduce two of the drawings contained in their "Phil May's Winter Annual." This issue is quite up to the old level, for the proprietors had in hand a number of pictures already purchased when the artist died.

All Phil May's styles are represented in it. The comic, of course, predominates, but we get the artist in other veins, too. One thing the pictures have in common: they are all obviously the work of a master hand.

The stories which fill up the volume, with its familiar "Phil May as jester" cover, are all readable. The "Annual" is, in short, as good a shillingsworth as anyone could desire.

# LAST OF TEA-GARDENS.

ROSHERVILLE GARDENS FOR SALE  
AFTER A CHEQUERED CAREER.

Rosherville Gardens for sale! A few years ago the East End of London would have been in a ferment. A generation ago the West End would have been in despair.

Now things are different. The excursion train bears the pleasure-seeker further afield, and Rosherville Gardens must go the same way as the other London tea-gardens. Only Earl's Court is left.

At one time London had many of these pleasure gardens, but they vanished at the touch of the builder. Rosherville has only lived so long because of its distance from the heart of London. Vauxhall Gardens succumbed to the march of bricks and mortar fifty years ago after an unusually long exist-



OLD LADY FROM THE COUNTRY: Oh! is that 'im. No wonder 'e ain't married.

[From Phil May's Christmas Annual. Thacker.]

## MARTIN HARVEY'S HAMLET.

A Sound Performance, but Without Any  
Novel Features of Interest.

Dublin hailed Mr. Martin Harvey's first appearance as Hamlet with enthusiasm. London will probably have an opportunity of judging it at the Coronet Theatre next month. Here are some opinions:—

Meritorious, if not strikingly original. He reached his highest level in the play scene.—"Daily Express."

His Hamlet may not rank among the greatest, but it will claim place among the most pleasing.—"Morning Post."

Presented no very daring novelties of reading or interpretation. Hamlet not as much a Prince as some have made him.—"Daily Chronicle."

Showed deep study, a keen perception of the lights and shades of Hamlet's character, and a restrained force that mark it as a valuable addition to the list of notable impersonations.—"Morning Leader."

The graceful presence of the actor, and his mastery of the art of elocution, carried him more than half-way with his work. He dressed in conventional Hamlet attire, and wore no beard.—"Standard."

Seems unlikely to prove as attractive to audiences as his impersonation of Dickens's hero in "The Only Way." . . . A character whose chief feature was infirmity of purpose was at times presented with an energy foreign to the accepted reading of the part.—"Daily Graphic."

## FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

Miss Romantique: The foreign nobility, having nothing to do, must lead awful monotonous lives.

Miss Kostique: Yes, I notice those who come over here never seem to have any change.—"Philadelphia Ledger."

ence; Cremorne and the popular Surrey Gardens thirty years ago.

Rosherville, which opened soon after the accession of Queen Victoria, was frankly intended for the wealthier classes. There were no abrupt notices, "Keep off the grass." Instead, the notice boards read: "Every flower is born to fade. Noli me tangere! Half-a-crown for plucking a flower."

But the Great Exhibition came, and the people who heeded Latin notices and ordered expensive dinners deserted Rosherville for Hyde Park. At once the gardens were popularised, and the tripper's sixpence was sought instead of the lordlier half crown.

Then came the excursion train, and the tripper moved further afield. Southend and Margate have flourished at the expense of Rosherville.

## SPORT IN PORTUGAL.

King Carlos Does Not Follow the Haphazard  
Ways of His Country When Shooting.

King Carlos is doing a lot of shooting during his visit, but he is doing it in a way very different from the ordinary Portuguese method.

In Portugal shooting is a very go-as-you-please affair. For one thing, there is very little game, though there is any amount of cover. The English sportsman considers the size of his day's bag the chief matter. The Portuguese sportsman looks upon the day's outing as an excuse for meeting old friends and for a picnic.

The actual hunting is delightfully casual. Half the party act as beaters, prodding and thumping the bushes with long poles as they go along. The beating is by no means the worst part of the fun.

A dog's behaviour in the shooting field is of the merest importance. One Portuguese sportsman was asked by an Englishman why he persisted in bringing a beast which had half eaten a rabbit before its carcass could be rescued. "What would you have?" was the answer; "if I leave him at home, he will howl all day, and my wife will wish herself dead!"



## WOMEN AND WINE.

I should say that the "smart" house in which your correspondent, "Twenty Years in Canada," stayed for a week-end was of the same alleged character as the one recently raided in the vicinity of Bond-street. R. W. Edinburgh.

It is not the 60,000 lives lost annually in this country, directly or indirectly, through the drink curse, which constitutes a national danger.

What we have to fear is the harm to the next generation caused by the tipping habits of the mothers of the race. There lies our danger. Upper Seymour-street, W. J. S. BLANDWAY.

## ANOTHER "CANCER CURE."

As to the cancer question, we have had talk, discussion, pamphlets, treatises, experiments, nostrums, operations galore; in short, everything but cures!

For my part I know a home where a lady stricken with this fell disease can be received and restored to health by simple, natural means. No knife, no drugs.

The conditions are: First, that the disease should not have reached too advanced a stage; secondly, that the patient promises to pay when a cure has been effected a sum of £500 for the purpose of developing the home and enabling it to receive other sufferers who are not in a position to pay. 15, York-villas, Brighton. AUG. MARROT.

## DO MIRACLES HAPPEN?

When we fully realise that the mind is the ever-controlling and governing force, having absolute power over every sensation and function of the body, the word faith will supplant the word miracle.

It is an indisputable truth that there exists a power to alleviate human suffering, which does not lie in the domain of material science, but can be invoked and controlled by human intelligence.

Seaton, Devon. VERONEESE PRUDUE.

## DO WE?

May I be permitted to suggest to you that, following the example of one of your contemporaries, you might with advantage devote a column of your valuable journal to a correspondence on the vital question: "Do we believe" in one syllable of what Russian diplomatists say or write?

A CONSTANT READER.

Hotel Bayonne, Biarritz.

## "AUTHOR'S NAME WANTED."

"Caesar's Column" was written by Ignatius Donnelly, the American author.

O. J. BACKMAN.

16, Victoria-terrace, Dovercourt, Essex.



Kith me, Ithaac.

I will if I can, Rebecca.

[From Phil May's Christmas Annual. Thacker.]

## A POET'S DUCKING.

Sir Cuthbert Quilter has just been telling an amusing story of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyam.

He bought a yacht, called it the Emetic, and laid in a store of herrings, apples, and gin. One day he was on board, dressed as usual in a frock-coat and top-hat, smoking a pipe, and reading the "Times." The boat gave a sudden lurch and overboard he went.

When he came up, his top-hat was still on his head, the pipe still in his mouth, the newspaper still firmly grasped in his hand. And as soon as he got back on board he sat down to finish the article he was reading before he fell in!



# THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By Andrew Loring, "Mr. Smith of England."

## CHAPTER XXIII. The Sister Relents.

Mrs. La Grange wondered what was the matter with everybody to-day. First Richard Deverill in his new vein; and now her serene Rosamond, always so self-controlled, always such a perfect mistress of herself, had for one significant instant dropped the mask from her lovely face. Mrs. La Grange did not know that these two people had been under a great strain for some time; the one because Harold Somerton had suddenly become his master, the other because she had been through days and nights of deep anxiety from the silence of Richard Deverill. She did not realise that these two had not met for nearly a fortnight, that it had been clear to Lady Gascoyne that Deverill had deliberately avoided her, that she was going home sick at heart, wondering, humiliated, anxious.

"My dear Rose," cried Mrs. La Grange quickly, "don't go just yet. I am quite upset. I have had such an extraordinary message from my brother. Mr. Deverill has been delivering it to me."

Such open mention of Harold Somerton in the presence of a third person conveyed a great deal to Lady Gascoyne. She realised that something had happened. That degenerate brother was never referred to in public.

"I hope," said her ladyship quickly, "that you have had no bad news of any kind from him?"

"Oh, no," responded Mrs. La Grange, "not and in a sense, but so surprising, so peculiar. Lady Gascoyne knows all my secrets, Mr. Deverill. I know she is interested in my affairs. You have my full permission to tell her what you have told me, if she cares to hear. I have been neglectful of my guests. I must run away now."

The hostess left the two together, not even congratulating herself that she had managed an awkward situation rather neatly. It was so much a matter of course to her to do things like this that she thought nothing of it.

Deverill backed slowly towards the seat from which he had just risen, looking the while at Lady Gascoyne, who stood silently reproachful before him. She had never seemed to him so utterly, so entirely, adorable. He caught the peach-blossom tint on her dress where the sun touched its folds—he saw the shades of pink and silver-grey where the fabric lay in the shadow. The changes that shot through the silk typified to him the exquisite variations of her mind and her moods.

His first words under the circumstances were singular, but they had a meaning.

"Do you know," he asked abruptly, "where Gertrude is?"

"Your interest in others," answered Lady Gascoyne coldly, "is rather striking."

"I have some serious news, Rose," he said bluntly; "it will take me some time to tell you." Startled, she stepped forward.

"About us—does it concern us?"

"Yes, deeply."

"Not here," she cried.

"Then where?"

She looked at him surprised.

"I leave that to you to suggest," she said in a low voice.

"I think," he answered slowly, "that it had better be here."

Her quickened apprehension caught the significance of his reply.

"We may be watched?"

He nodded. She looked hurriedly about, as though seeing a spy behind every bush.

"We are quite safe here," he said. "If Gertrude has gone, none will notice our five minutes here."

"She has gone with Lady Chemoles," was the answer; and Lady Gascoyne, as she spoke, took her seat by his side.

"If we are watched," she said, with white face and quivering lips, "we are suspected."

He nodded his head again without other response.

"Does he know—does Lanse suspect—oh—"

"No—the danger is not there."

He spoke in a low voice. This was intentional. He had come to a decision.

He had realised the terror in which he and she would live if they elected to remain under the lash of Harold Somerton. He was resolved that if entreaty or persuasion could move her Lady Gascoyne should elope with him that night to the Continent. It was to achieve this end that he began with such uncompromising directness.

"Remember, Rose," he continued, "we are in the middle of a crowd of chattering people. You must be brave."

"And was I not in the Park the other day?" she answered reproachfully. "You may trust me, Dick. I shall not fail. Tell me the worst, quick."

He told her the story in a few hurried words, exaggerating, if that was possible, the danger of their position. His heart was torn with remorse as he spoke, but he could not give expression to it. He held himself firmly in hand, and watched her face all the time. He knew that he was taking a

desperate risk in choosing such a place to convey his dreadful news, but he felt he had no choice. She listened quite quietly, and when he had finished did not utter one reproach. She sat stricken, dumb.

"Now you see precisely the position," he said, after a pause. "I would rather any other man in the world, excepting one, had seen what this man saw that night. We cannot live under this shadow. Every breath that we draw will be a misery. Every ring at the bell will bring to you a start of fear. Every trifling accident will seem to you to be fraught with sinister meaning. Life is not good enough like that, Rose."

"Oh, no, not that," she answered, shuddering, mistaking his meaning. "Oh, no, I will not think of that."

She moved away from him, and looked at him in wide-eyed terror.

"Be careful, Rose," he whispered, nodding his head towards some people standing near. "I did not mean that. I was not suggesting that things are desperate. I do not say that we should give up life—I say that we should give up this life, here in London, under the eye of Harold Somerton."

"Do you mean, do you mean," she whispered, clasping her hands tightly together, "that we should go away—together?"

"Yes; it is the only thing to do."

"Never," she said firmly, sitting up erect, as though defiant of all the world.

"If shame and disgrace must come, let them come. I shall not go out to meet them. Lots of people get in a panic sometimes, you know, and they bring their troubles on themselves. Don't you remember, Mary Jennings? I told you I had to take her in Vienna last autumn. She picked up her skirts and ran, and all the world ran howling after her. She thought she was found out, but she wasn't at all. Look at her now—a lonely exile. Never that for me, Dick."

"You speak as though you had the choice," he answered sobriety. "We are found out—and we must admit it."

"But why?" she asked. "Did he come to you to tell you that he knew? Was it not to demand his price? Why else should he have come?"

"To yield to such demands," answered Deverill, "is only to postpone the terrible day. These men never keep their promises. Their demands keep growing and growing. Some slight accident or other annoys them—and they tell, or a glass of wine too many at dinner, and the secret drops from their lips. That's the very point I make. That's why I say such a life is not worth living. That's why I ask you to trust yourself to me. That's why I promise to do everything I can to make up to you for what you will have lost."

"You are the man on the precipice," she cried hastily. "You feel dizzy, and you jump down and dash yourself to pieces, lest a few minutes later you may fall over. Now, do you call that wise?"

"It's not the same thing," he answered. "We shall sit in misery on the edge, not knowing at what instant he may choose to come along and push us over."

"Well, I'm going to wait for him, at any rate," she said. "Do you think I could bear being cut off from everything like this?"

She swept her hand over the garden to indicate that it typified to her that social position to which she clung with the grasp of desperation. It was characteristic of her that she thought of it before she remembered her little son; but he, too, was to her a restraining power.

"I cannot leave him," she murmured. "No, Dick, you must find some way to silence this man. If he speaks, who is he, after all—a convict, a notorious evildoer. It is our word against the word of such a man. Surely you don't doubt that we should be believed in preference to him?"

"I am very certain," he answered promptly, "that we should not be believed at all. You forget the suspicion that has always centred round that night. That's what makes everything dangerous. I am more sorry than I can say, Rose, that I persuaded you to take such a desperate risk. I am to blame for all this."

"You must not say that," she answered in a low voice. "It was no more your fault than mine. It is not a time for either of us to begin to blame the other."

"What a little sportsman you are. I might have known it, Rose—but I feared reproaches from you."

A breeze ruffled the trees. The leaves near by seemed to whisper. Lady Gascoyne started, and looked about her with terrified eyes. Nothing could have given Deverill a clearer idea of the condition of her nerves. He admired the way in which she up to this moment she had concealed her tremors.

"Come," she said, rising hastily, "we will talk about this afterwards. We have been sitting here ages. People might notice."

"As a matter of fact," answered Deverill, as he strolled by her side, "we have not been there ten minutes."

"We must be doubly careful now," she murmured, as they came among the people on the lawn, fewer now, because it was late and many had gone.

Deverill watched her in perplexed astonishment. She led him from group to group of acquaintances, saying always to each one precisely the right word, making quick, appropriate answers to all comments addressed to her, admiring in a judicious

underneath the beautiful gown of one lady, commending the charming lack of another. She did not even drop her eye when one acquaintance, full of troubles at home, expressed open envy of Lady Gascoyne's lot in life.

"Why do I tell you all this, my dear," said the lady, "you—who have not a care in the world? Ah, so wonder you can always look so bright and smiling."

Deverill himself was absent-minded, anxious. He said the wrong thing in a mechanical way, he spoke unconsciously to the wrong people, he omitted to return the smiling salutations of more than one surprised lady.

"How can they do it?" he said to himself. "The women apparently the slaves of emotion, the victims of nerves as are iron in some things. In this crisis in her life, so unexpectedly confronting her, she goes about as though life were always pleasure, and this the brightest moment in it—while I—I am a duffer at carrying it off. Is it really pluck, or is it that she can't understand, doesn't grasp for the moment the meaning of all I have told her?"

Never before, except on the occasion of the little flurry of the historic night from which everything dated, had anything intervened to cause annoyance or anxiety to either of these two people. Each saw the other to-day in a new rôle. Their eyes were suddenly awakened to the knowledge that they must pay the penalty exacted from all who violate the obligations of honour and of truth. Each was anxious as to how the other would bear the heavy burden. Each was conscious that the other had shown no sign of flinching.

They had now traversed the whole length of the lawn. They stood alone at its upper end, and they turned and looked at the fading twilight crowd.

"Did I do it well?" she murmured, in an almost inaudible voice.

He saw that her hands were tightly clenched, and that she was trembling.

"Perfect," he answered; "much better than I. You are wonderful."

"I look all right, don't I?" she whispered.

"Could not you do it in my face?"

"Not the slightest sign."

His approbation fortified her opinion of herself.

"I shall be like that all the time," she said, with a firm setting of the lips, which gave him a new insight into her determination. "Oh, no, Dick, I am not going to throw up the sponge. We can have three minutes here. What was his price? You have money; I have jewels. We must pay it."

He broke into passionate pleading that she should go with him. She stopped him ere he had uttered two dozen words.

"What a lovely view," she cried, with a smile on her lips, as she waved her graceful hand towards the glinting waters of the Thames in the distance.

He looked at her frowning, suddenly brought to earth.

"You don't put talk like that," she resumed.

"A dozen pairs of eyes may be on us. I am glad you told me here in the open sunshine, amid all this crowd of careless, indifferent people. It helps us to think about it, to consider it clearly. You were right in blurring it all out, and in discussing it just as though we were talking about buying a house or a brougham. Don't you see how different your position is from mine now? I do not mean anything harsh or unpleasant when I say that you have nothing to lose as compared with me. The worst that is before you is some disagreeable publicity, and the usual annoyances that a man suffers when the newspapers sting him for a little time. What chance should I ever have again of living the life that has become a second nature to me?"

"Dick, fancy, it sounds absurd, doesn't it—but even Mrs. La Grange would cut me."

"But she knows now," he interrupted; "she must—after that night?"

"Oh, Dick, I am surprised at you. Of course, she does. She suspects everything. That makes no difference, though I would rather it were not so. She asks no questions, of course, had discreetly closes her eyes. That she will continue to do up to the very last moment."

"And when," asked Deverill, surprised at this cool admission that Mrs. La Grange had divined everything, "does that last moment come?"

"When our own imprudence," was the prompt answer, "has publicly advertised what may have been privately known."

"When we are found out, you mean," he said.

"I do not. You should keep your proverb up to date, Dick. In these days you may be found out over and over again. That no longer counts. So long as everything is right on the surface, everybody pretends to be blind as to what happens beneath. Now, what did the man who said 'Before he could answer Mrs. La Grange came towards them.'"

"Well, dear," she said, "has he told you everything? And what do you advise me to do, Rosamond?"

"I haven't told her," interposed Deverill, "you said I might, but I felt I had hardly the right."

Mrs. La Grange looked curiously from one to the other. What could this couple have had to talk about? She knew that under ordinary circumstances a matter so important to her would have been thoroughly discussed between them.

"My last guests are going," she said, "and I am dining alone quietly here. I wish you two would stay on. I want your advice very much indeed—yours especially, Rosamond. I have thought about it, Mr. Deverill—and do you know, I am rather inclined to accept your view. I hardly like to repulse my own brother."

Deverill was astonished. The two thousand pounds had done it—after all.

(To be continued.)

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